VOGUE

New Hats – new point of view

January 15, 1946 Incorporating Vanity Fair
10 Cents in Canada Price 35 Cents

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Harry-Williams, Ltd.

A department of Grossman & Spiegel, Inc., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

Comparable to a fine painting! A masterpiece of pure line by Harry-Williams, Ltd. in the rich texture and breathtaking colors of Cloud Drift by Stroock. The connoisseur will appreciate its rounded contours and sharply defined waistline... About $75. Duchess Acetate Rayon lined. At one fine store in most cities or write.

Bonwit Teller
New York

Philip Mangone has fun with shirtsleeves... gives them a new twist by using gray on gray in his newest suit with buttoned-on pockets, dandified tailoring. Forstmann's gray wool, 125.00. Misses' Suit Salon, Fourth Floor

Going Places with TUSSY * * * Backstage at the Ballet

Pretty with the Puff: How do you do it? Dancing for hours, and your complexion still clear and fresh. I need repairs.

Bettina the Ballerina: Don't tell me a smoothie like yourself isn't on to Tussy Emulsified Cleansing Cream . . . Wonderful for a sensitive dry skin like ours.

Pretty with the Puff (again): Why doesn't someone tell me these things? Sounds like just what I've been looking for. I've been fighting a flaky skin for ages.

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Tall and Regal . . . at Right: Oh, I've been a Tussy fan for years. But the Pink Cleansing Cream does a thorough clean-up job for my normal type of skin. Mmmm . . . it's fluffy and light as meringue!

Bettina the Ballerina: Well, we've given you *your* cue . . . better get Tussy soon.

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Tussy Cosmetiques, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

VOGUE
January 15th, 1946

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Vol. 107, No. 2
Whole No. 1757

Bonwit Teller new york

RICHARD AVEDON

Morris Kraus's Regency Dandy suit. It could almost be Trafalgar Square, Spring 1830, couldn't it? Kraus, whose signature is the dandified dressmaker suit, does his newest of crisp black, blue or brown and white checked wool with silvery buttons. 119.00. Suit Salon, Fourth Floor

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Hat and accessories by John-Frederics

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Altman fashions, third floor

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Gustrom

Carolyn* checks the bolero dress...
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The dress, about $30; the bolero, about $10.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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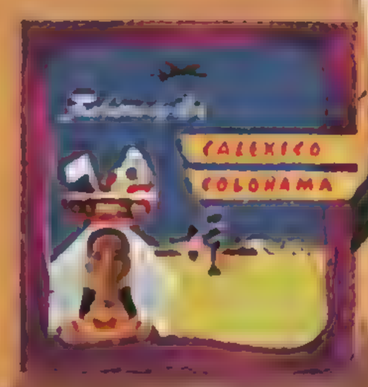

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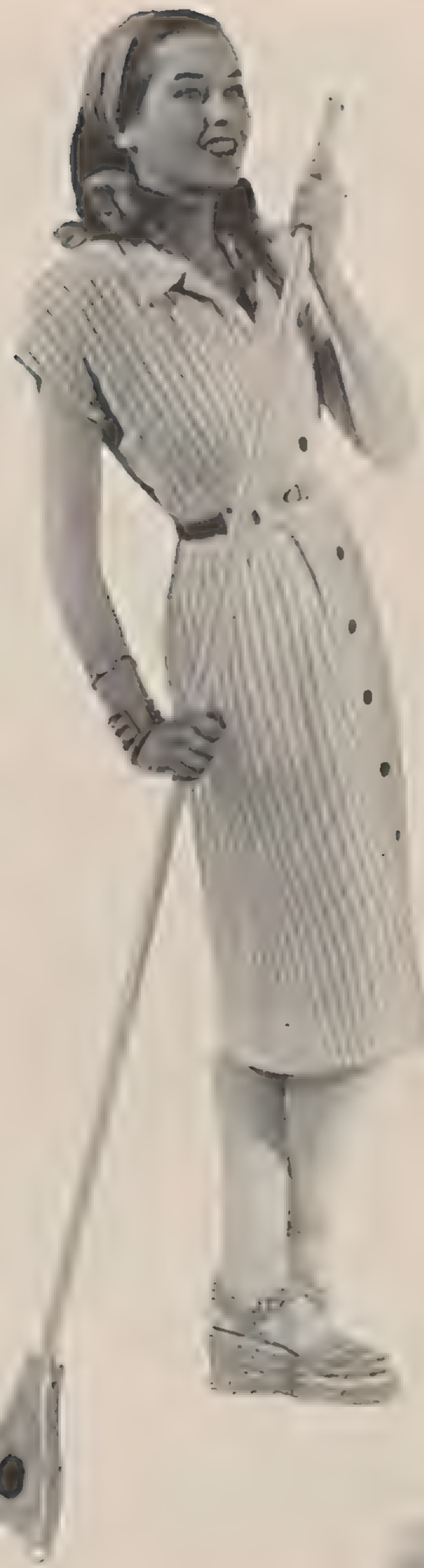

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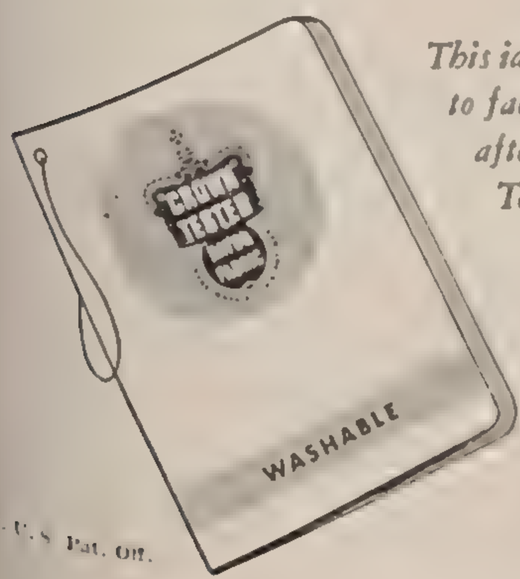

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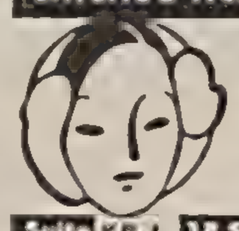

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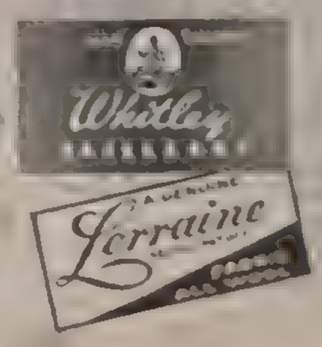

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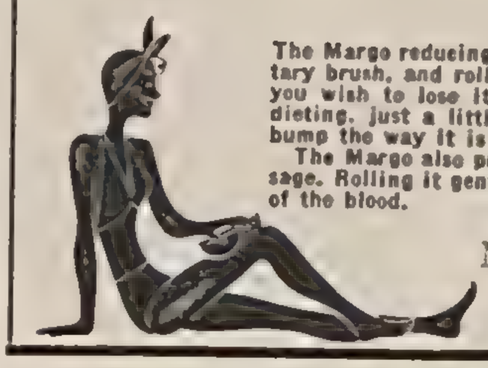

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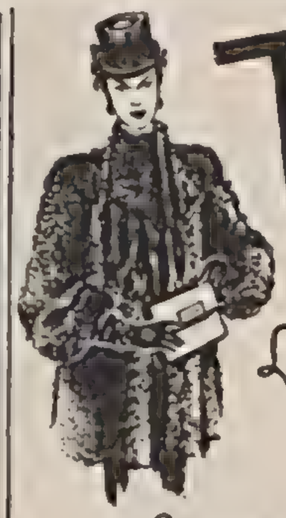

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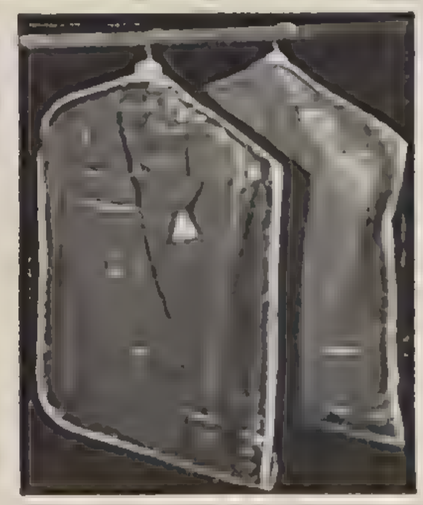

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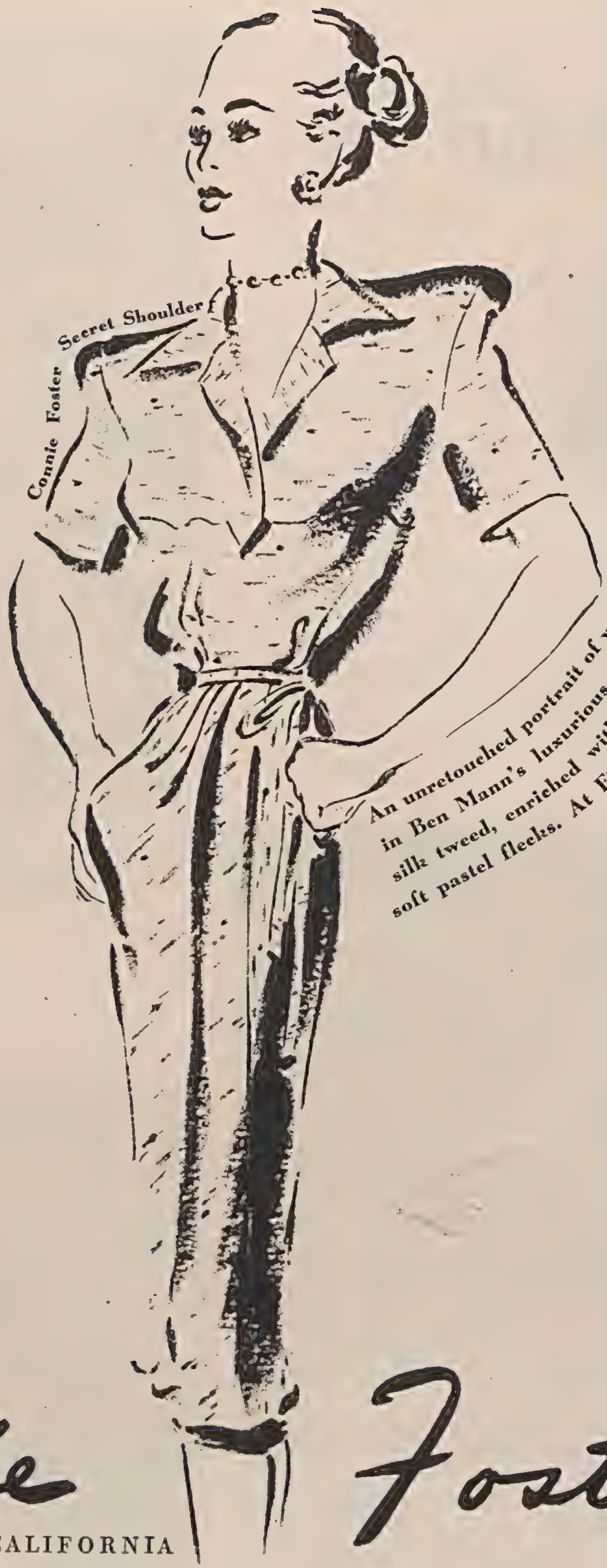

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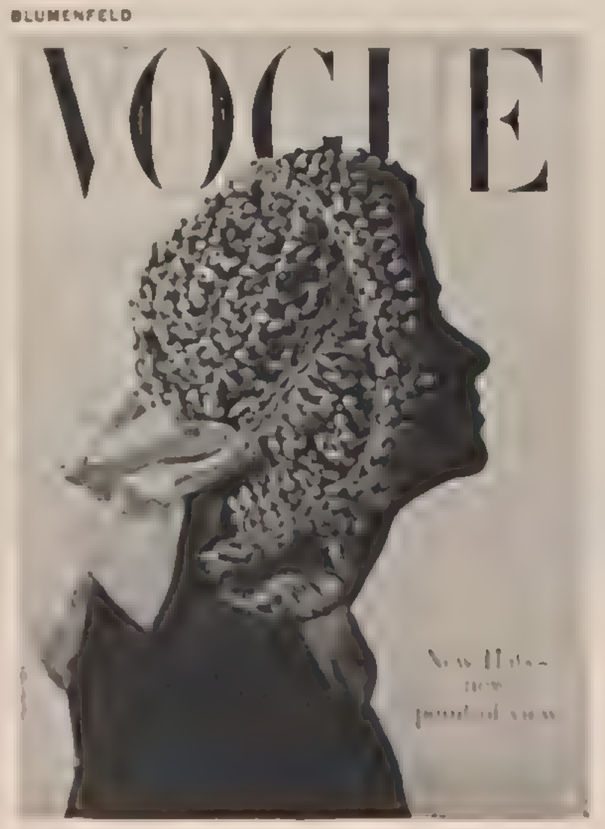

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The small, neat hat in essence: natural Milan pillbox with a coarse blue veil. Reine. Rubel jewels.

News in the small hat

Bare-brow brims

Bare-brow hats

New sweep to the side

The small hat that is tilted forward over the brow is definitely back in circulation. In its essence, it is the hat on the facing page: neat, well-defined, elegant...in harmonious proportion with the shape of a woman's head, the architecture of a face. Sometimes it's a flower-hat; sometimes it is ornamented with bows, ribbon cocardes. But the frills never outweigh the importance of the hat itself; the flower hat is always a *hat*...not a flower-bed; the ribboned hat is pretty, feminine without flamboyance. Small hats are shown in many of the early spring collections: Florence Reichman's small flower-delicacies, Reine's cocarded pillboxes, Lilly Daché's tip-tilted *canotiers*, Braagaard's rough-straw sailors. They are in no sense a return to the doll hat; but a return to a normal, natural proportion. And within the limits of that proportion they do what every woman wants a hat to do...make her feel beautiful.

But the return of the little hat doesn't rule out the brimmed, expansive variety, although *bigness* is no longer the important issue. Many of the back-of-the-head hats...bonnets, sailors, Bretons which you see through these pages... have breadth, but their line is light, not weighed down with veils, ribbons, flowers. They share the limelight with the little off-the-brow hats—tiny peaked bonnets, flower crowns, coifs, that throw a pretty aura and let the face, not the hat, steal the show.

Still in the brow-baring category, there is a fresh revival of the helmet-hat of the twenties. Not the same deep cloche, but a close-hugging, face-framing cap that brings back into focus the neat look of the small head. A whole series of these close, deep-fitting caps, often with little cuffed-back brims, has been newly added to John-Frederics' collection. (See one on page 93, a head-sculpturing cap. More in Vogue, February 1.)

Dead-on, head-on hats are right if they are small, make a close entity with the shape of the head. But newly significant is the shift of emphasis to the tilted, sideswept line, which gives a fresh, lovely look of motion, carries out harmoniously the rounding, high-throated silhouette of clothes.

Very much in evidence this spring is the whole range of natural straws... the pearly, the honeyed, the deeply sunburned shades. Good not merely because they look well with almost any colour, but because they add warmth to any colour with which they're combined. And all the straws show a special attention to texture...there are smooth-spun, fine straws, crisp braids, coarse-woven ones as rustic and primitive as a Mexican *petate*. Line and texture are the stars of the season...probably because the hat itself is, once more, being seen in public—and not merely as the basis for trimmings.

Hattie Carnegie's pinch-brimmed Breton. Burnt leghorn, dark-red ribbon.

Bare brow-bonnets-brims

The hats that sit back and bare the brow are specifically for the unperplexed, the small-featured, the slim-faced...for the bonnet-wearers and their like. It's the angle of the hat that matters (the angle of perception...showing, not shadowing the eyes). The large roll-brimmed Breton of burnt leghorn that Hattie Carnegie makes, above, has it. So has the little Carnegie bonnet, left, with the big bow aloft. Even the baby-brim cloche at the right (which another season might clamp down to the eyebrows) is angled to show the forehead.

These, and the innocently pretty hats across the page, are the friends of the soft suit; the inseparable companions of the basque, fuller skirt, rounded shoulder-line; and all satin, moire, faille afternoon coats. Many of them have a special interest that remains a head-on secret till you walk away...a train of lace...

COFFIN

Hattie Carnegie's coal-scuttle bonnet. Black leghorn, soaring satin loops.

Reine's little grège felt cloche—baby-brimmed and field-flower-rimmed.

JOFFÉ

a bustle...streamers. At Lilly Daché, there is an entire family of bare-browed hats...sailors that slant from back to front. (Example: the toast sailor at the right.) Others have fan-tail brims in back. Or tiny flower horseshoes cut-away for chignons. Among Hattie Carnegie's "backward" hats are tall, brimless, crownless cylinders. (Like paper crowns.)

The little queen of all the bare-browed hats, of course, is the bonnet. Many stemming from the Schiaparelli bonnet revival...and Daché's boxful flown from Paris. And there are other bonnets ...just because the silhouette is ripe for them; ripe for Sally Victor's tall, charming straw one (Sally Victor is always an enthusiastic bonneteer)...for Bragaard's roses-on-yellow-straw Renoir bonnet. All are a small, pretty frame for a face... never the subject of the picture.

• Hats, this page: Lilly Daché; Carson Pirie Scott; Hudson's. (Luminous make-up—Chen Yu's Cloud Silk.)

Lilly Daché's bonnet-coif. Flowers, feathers, fruit...dipped to a point mid-brow.

Lilly Daché's bare-browed sailor. Toast felt, tangerine rayon taffeta bow.

New sweep to the side

The newest point of view on hats is one of direction...not proportion. Has nothing to do with yesterday's altercation over bigness or littleness. Help yourself to as much hat as you think you can wear...but try one that tilts to the side. We say try...the sweeping profile slant is admittedly not for everyone. So watch your sideswept hat from every angle...full-face, full-length, and both profiles...before you make up your mind. But if you decide that the side line is *your* line, it is probably the best, and the most becoming hat line you'll ever find. This new slant on hats, like any trend that grows out of the rational, season-to-season development of fashion, is demonstrated in most of the pace-setter collections this spring. Sally Victor gives a black straw suit hat with a pointed crown a brim that goes sky-climbing on one side, just clears the shoulder on the other. Suzanne Rémy slants a toque of gunmetal paillettes, balanced by a swoop of pink feathers. Madame Pauline emphasizes a one-sided navy-blue straw hat with a clump of pink roses planted on its cuffed-up brim. Tatiana du Plessix shows a small, high toque of brown tulle flanked with coffee-colour roses...designed to be worn a-tilt. John-Frederics does a series of straw hats with pixie crowns, brims cuffed up on one side, pulled down on the other. None of these have the *apache* look of tilted hats in the past; all of them have a lifting, curving movement, beautifully at one with swung-out skirts, rounded shoulders, climbing necklines.

JOFFÉ

COFFIN

Sideswept black felt bonnet...pink moire ribbon garnish. Reine

Opposite: one-sided, sequinned bouquet. Hattie Carnegie; I. Magnin; Marshall Field.

Side-tilted pale blue beret studded with felt dots. Braagaard.

Mrs. Rodman de Heeren Brazilian beauty, is the former Mme. Aimée Lopes de Sotto-Maior. She has just returned from a long stay in Brazil, where she visited her family; now she and Mr. de Heeren, who was a Captain in the U. S. Army, will live in New York. Here, Mrs. de Heeren wears a Balenciaga selected in Rio—and two of the sideswept, pretty hats she loves to wear. Above, her satin cap wreathed with lilies and roses. Left, a satin coronet, pink flowers massed over one ear.

RAWLINGS

Baroness Alain de Rothschild is charming, distinguished, French, the former Mlle. Chauvin du Treuil. She has been in New York with her two small children; the Baron, a French Army officer who was a prisoner throughout the war, joined her last summer. They will return next month to live in France. Baroness de Rothschild prefers casual clothes; likes small simple hats or none at all. Here she wears a grey felt beret-pillbox embroidered with steel-beaded passementerie—made to order at Bergdorf Goodman; her dress is by Lelong, finely tailored of grey plaid men's wear.

Ella Raines

(above), sits for a trial shot...in a flaring straw; left, in her favourite straw cloche. Both, John-Frederics.

Paulette Goddard

small picture, makes up for her "sitting." Right —in the hat-she-chose... a pink pillbox by Reine.

Hats they choose.

When an actress is her own costume designer for her off-stage, off-screen rôle what does she wear? These three young, busy, beautiful stars were invited to "come to the studio and bring your favourite hat" with these results: Miss Raines (see her also in the complications of "Uncle Harry") came in a slim suit. The hat-she-chose—this tall, gilt-veiled straw cloche.

Gene Tierney

arriving in a child's Breton. Above, in her bonnet from Bergdorf Goodman.

Miss Goddard brought a flower-clustered dinner pillbox of pale pink. She is momentarily the chambermaid in the film "The Diary of a Chambermaid" which she and Burgess Meredith, her husband, independently produced. Miss Tierney (see her otherwise in "Leave Her to Heaven," and, after April 1, in "Dragonwyck") drove up to the studio wearing a child's roller. For her alter-ego-at-parties (she is Mrs. Oleg Cassini) the hat she chooses is this pretty conceit, a streamer-tied Punchinello bonnet made for her for spring in straw, cradling moss roses.

Slipper-show dinner dress

This is a new point of view on the dinner dress. Not bouffant, not cylindrical; a new dimension...flared, proportioned to show a pretty ankle, a satin slipper. Above, black rayon crêpe...a splash of print appliquéd at one side and at the hem. The skirt pulled to one side to give it a dip. Pattullo design; ready February 1. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Harzfeld's.

Above...a print as bright as the tropics; give it slippers in a parakeet colour. The line simple enough to give due emphasis to the allure of the ankle...a surprise for eyes accustomed to the eighteen-inch span of leg, day or evening. The print bolero iced with transparent spangles. A Hattie Carnegie design at The Blum Store; Joseph Horne; Vandervoort's.

Back on the pedestal, ladies

Stop making decisions, stop balancing checkbooks, stop being aggressively punctual

By Barbara Heggie

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Barbara Heggie is a tall, laconic woman who has written many sharply-drawn magazine profiles. She is married to a writer, has two small children, lives in a big house up the Hudson from New York.*]

NOT so long ago I had lunch in a little French restaurant over on the East Side of Manhattan. Like all little French restaurants in New York it strove to recreate the Parisian *bistro* with implements and a *milieu* as little suggestive of the Left Bank as a stroll in the Bronx. However, unlike its ersatz sisters, it had somehow managed, in spite of boxcar proportions, blatant checked table-cloths, and waiters with an assembly-line conception of the patrons, to recreate that delicate aroma of good hot soup, red wine, and conviviality. I found myself longing for a luncheon partner who would not, as mine inevitably would, insist on discussing the difficulties of procuring infants' underwear, and the relative values of corduroys from Saks and Best's. It was just about then that I noticed, at the table next to me, a lady whose prospects were probably more fortunate than mine.

She was one of those malleable blondes who suggest heather and health on the golf course, elegance at the opera, and, just now, sitting half in shadow and swathed in furs—romance. One did not need to wonder if she was expecting someone, for her glance lingered about the entrance as though her happiness swung to and fro with the glass door. My friend arrived, the underwear was disposed of with the *œufs russes*, the corduroys with the *moules marinières*, and still my blonde waited, her impatience manifest only in a nervous fingering of her rings. I admired her control and pictured her lover arriving in a confusion of apologies. Suddenly her face brightened and turning I beheld a tall jaded gentleman weaving through the tables to drop into the seat across from her. Meeting her gentle reproachful gaze he sighed profoundly. "God!" he said with feeling. "Now that the war is over I do hope some of the husbands will be coming home."

Later as I shopped (corduroys at Best's) I was aware that the little scene in the restaurant had disturbed me more than it had amused me. Otherwise my thoughts would not continually return to it as they did. It was as though some comfortingly solid stanchion of my philosophy had started to wobble. What was wrong, what? I tugged at my mental unease like a fisherman pulling at his anchor to discover why, unaccountably, it dragged. Then I saw it all, in a flash. Beauty and furs are meant to be worshipped, pursued—or if worshipped is too strong a verb for this age, at least they should inspire punctuality. And at the meeting in the restaurant the customary genuflection had been startlingly absent.

Then it occurred to me that for some time, for years indeed, this obeisance had ceased to be part of our daily ritual. In an effort to keep pace with the courage and heroism of their men, women had stepped from their pedestal and stripped off their femininity like a soiled wrapper. It was a noble sacrifice, I told myself, but pedestals are rarely vacant for long and now that peace was here again and the ladies were preparing to re-ascend, it was something of a shock to find their place usurped by a pair of trousers. We should all take a deep breath and remind ourselves that quite a war was once fought about a girl named Helen.

I remembered how, the spring before, I had travelled down on a train from Boston that was crowded with soldiers. Like all train trips during the war it was hectic, unreal, and somehow terribly exciting. A young lieutenant had dropped into the seat next to mine and had told me, after the inevitable overture of a cigarette, that he was doing his internship at a large New York hospital. Oh yes, he was having a wonderful time.

"Do you know any girls?" I asked.

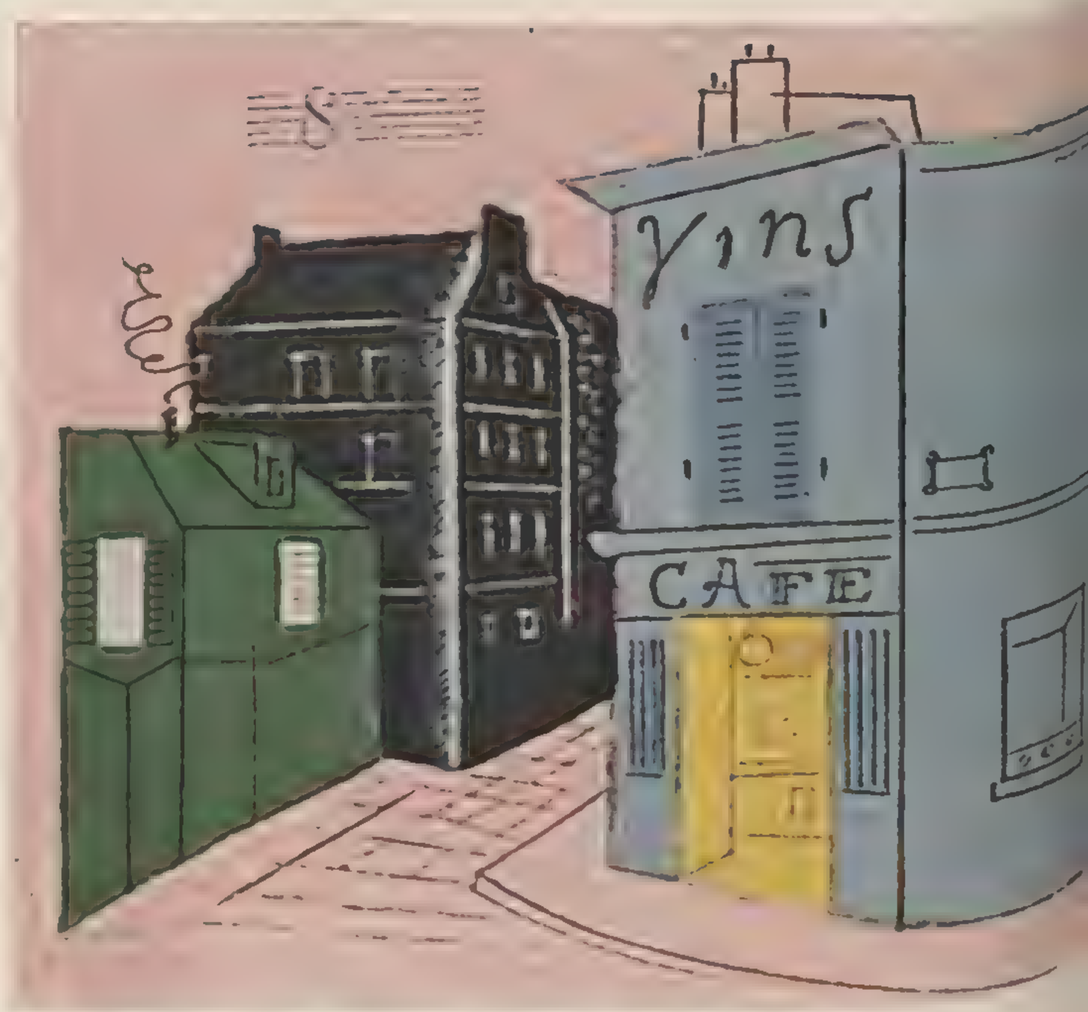
"Girls!" he said, in the tone which the grocer employs when you inquire *(Continued on page 118)*

Spring news – the fleece stole

Facing page: This spring your coat may be a stole—to fold over your shoulders, wrap round a simple jersey dress. New in the thick cashmere and wool so right this season. New in the pale colours—here, almost-white, with a bright red-coral dress. Here, worn with the hat that is the news—dipping crown-to-shoulder past the profile. Dress, stole. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Germaine Monteil's lipstick, "Coral Reef Day."

RAWLINGS

"RUE DE L'ÉCHAUDÉ": *Coll. Mr. and Mrs. Otto Spaeth*



"BLUE CAFÉ": *Coll. Phillips Memorial Gallery*

"PLACE PASDELOUP": *Coll. Whitney Museum of American Art*

Stuart Davis

Neither a cliché nor a risk—
the man with the successful
one-man show at the Modern Museum

By Cecelia Ager

THE members of the staff of The Museum of Modern Art went home late on the night of October 16 feeling pretty good. The private preview of their Stuart Davis exhibition had turned out to be the biggest opening night they'd achieved in five years. About 1500 interesting-looking people had been counted eddying through the doors, and countless numbers of these had been unofficially detected looking not only at each other, but at the actual exhibition itself.

The majority of the staff and guests were agreed that the paintings had been intelligently hung, progressing in chronological and dramatic order through the exhibition rooms on the main floor; and those who were further in the know admitted now that the task of sawing "Mural for Studio B" out of the Municipal Broadcasting Station and embedding it in a wall of its own toward the end and climax of the exhibition, had been worth the trouble. The Museum's choice of Davis for a retrospective exhibition was approved, since he was neither so popular as to be a cliché nor so obscure as to be a risk. All in all the guests and staff concurred that in the Stuart Davis exhibition, they, the Museum, and of course Davis, had put on a good show, and most everyone went home in his particular kind of glow, Davis too.

Davis's home is a couple of rooms on Seventh Avenue where he's lived and worked for the past ten years. Davis did not arise early the next morn- *(Continued on page 126)*

STUART DAVIS, *at his one-man show*

Notes from Nürnberg

By Evelyn Clark Emmet

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Evelyn Clark Emmet is blond and small, with an outsize set of human perceptions. A Vogue editor, she is now on leave of absence, in Europe with the American Red Cross.*]

IN Nürnberg, all the War Trial principals feel like prima donnas, with movie cameras trained on them all day long. The German people will be shown these movies. Their sentiment is that they should be trying their own war criminals, as enemies of Germany. They are now down on their leaders—but only because they lost the war....

Top Circle gossip: Why did some of the best lawyers leave the trial in its first two weeks?...G.I. gossip: Two American soldiers shot a German restaurant-man between the eyes last night. And last night a German shot a G.I. in bed with a Fräulein....The telephone exchange for Nürnberg is "Justice"; for the 1st Infantry Division, "Danger."...The Germans fear that the trials will bring a new wave of world hatred against them, will tighten Allied Control....

Goering's familiarity with the Americans in the courtroom—he grabbed Murray Gurfein, New York racket-buster; said, "You really must do something about these translations. They're terrible."...Jackson's superb opening speech of the trial, saying that the testimony might disgust the listeners, but that these were disgusting deeds....The city water, a typhoid threat. Drinking water is placed in billet hallways in huge canvas bags....The Germans insist that the slave labourers came gladly to Germany, for better living conditions.... Always, the poverty, the cold grey skies, the hate....

The legal experts and their secretaries, milling in the lobby of the Grand Hotel....The bombed-out sections of the hotel, with some hallways suddenly out of doors; draughts and snowflakes coming down the stairs; the painters and plasterers, crawling along scaffolds in their faded green *Wehrmacht* uniforms....The dozens of American girls in civilian clothes, flown over from Washington for one hundred and twenty days of typing....

It was impossible to pre-conceive the utter desolation of the city. The inner, walled, mediæval town is now rubble. The people—in tatters, with all their belongings strapped to their backs—walk the streets, still strong enough to hate....The fabulous American Red Cross Club, which was once a Hitler Sports Palace, has ice-skating, bowling, swimming, as well as the usual coffee, doughnuts, and band. Occasional Russian soldiers stroll in, but they always sit together....The attractive Negro American Red Cross Club has a coloured staff, tennis, basketball, and the best jam sessions in the ETO....Accommodations for the press are in a huge marble residence known as Press Camp. Ten or fifteen men sleep on Army cots in one room....William Shirer keeps getting the flu....

One feels everywhere the undercurrent of danger and hate between Germans and Americans....The famous 26th Regiment of the 1st Division is now stationed here—restless, still war-drunk, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Corey, who has five Silver Stars, more than any man but MacArthur. He's young, handsome, pink-faced, Irish, from Brooklyn....One of his battalions stands guard at the Court House. Another guards—and double-guards—more than thirty thousand SS troops. On an average, six men escape each night. On an average, three get killed. It's a grim, and censored, battle....

The Nürnberg Opera House shows movies for the American Army, and travelling USO shows, such as Alexander Kirkland in "Blithe Spirit." It's S.R.O. for the German opera companies; the G.I.s take German children to hear "The Magic Flute" and "Hansel and Gretel."... The French are angriest at the German waiters, as if it were their one chance for national revenge....

EVERYTHING free for Americans: food, rooms, transportation, theatres, nightclubs—everything except liquor....Dancing at the Grand Hotel: everyone and his secretary. Francis Biddle smiling sweetly all around, just in case he has met you before. The French jitterbugging as the German orchestra plays "*C'est Fini*," the tragic Maquis song. One of the waiters fresh from Prisoner of War Camp in Oklahoma. Senator Pepper, Florida Liberal, dancing with the four prettiest girls in the room....

The judgment of Paris

By Colette de Jouvenel

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Colette de Jouvenel is the talented young daughter of Colette, the great French novelist. Mlle. de Jouvenel was a heroine of the Résistance, turned a castle in Corrèze into a Maquis hiding-place.*]

LATE in November, the International Women's Congress met at the *Palais de la Mutualité* in Paris. The 850 delegates came from forty-two countries in Europe and Asia; came to carry one stage further their long struggle for the rights that every American woman takes for granted. From an American viewpoint, their discussions might have seemed to be out-dated before they began, and to have moments of Suffragette-meeting puerility. But they also had moments of grandeur.

For thousands of years the women of Europe and Asia have known two forms of oppression: the oppression of countless invasions—and the oppression of always having an inferior position assigned to their sex.

Frenchwomen are far from being the worst treated in Europe, but a Frenchwoman still can not open a bank account without her husband's permission; it took the Liberation—and all she contributed to it—to give her the vote; and equal pay for equal work is still, in France, a Utopian thing to come.

But women have seized this post-war period—a period that gives men no grounds for complacency—to assert their right to try, on an equal footing, to change the arrangements that have hitherto resulted in wars, in racial and sexual discrimination, in inadequate social services. Hence the presence in Paris of women representing 450 organizations, meeting at the invitation of France's Committee of International Initiative.

I won't describe all the delegates to the Congress. But—without invidious intent—I should like to single out two of them: Dolores Ibarruri (the celebrated and magnificent "Pasionaria") and Teresa Andres, of Spain. Their contribution seemed to me the most poignant. Spain may not be the only country still living under oppression, but it is the one where oppression is least logical. It was natural that Dolores Ibarruri and her colleague should beg the delegates from the democracies to hasten the downfall of Hitler's friend, Franco. If the democracies leave their job undone, they will be responsible for another civil war in Spain.

One thing about the delegates was particularly agreeable. Lacking a long tradition of public life, they also lacked its attendant vices. Of not one of the women could it be said—as it often can be of male parliamentarians—"Never have so many words owed so much to so few ideas." And the ladies' nationalistic impulses showed not in narrowness, but in very healthy pride of their countries' contributions to victory. This was especially true of the uniformed and decorated Russian women who had fought alongside their men.

Through the six days when the *Palais de la Mutualité* was murmurous with bees from distant and dissimilar hives, one thing amused me. We are told that Northerners are calm and controlled, Latins boisterous and exuberant. But the most animated of all the delegates was Madame Linderot of Sweden, and the calmest was Madame Gobetti of Italy.

The Congress suggested some sweeping political and social reforms, formed an International Democratic Federation of Women, and elected officers. The President is Eugénie Cotton of France; the Vice-Presidents. Dolores Ibarruri of Spain, Nina Popova of Russia, and Dr. Gene Weltfish of New York's Columbia University. In the Secretariat are Marie-Claude Vaillant-Couturier of France, Teresa Andres of Spain, and Madame Kochinova of Russia. In time, China will name a fourth Vice-President, and the United States will add another member to the Secretariat.

AMONG the hopes on which the new Federation builds its platform, are the equality of men and women in every country, and the protection of all mothers and children, without regard for legitimacy. It also recommends the severing of relations with Franco Spain, control of the atomic bomb by the United Nations Council, and an international scientific conference to regulate the peaceful uses of atomic energy. These are large words, but there is a large will behind them, and at their first International Congress the women of the world took a step forward.

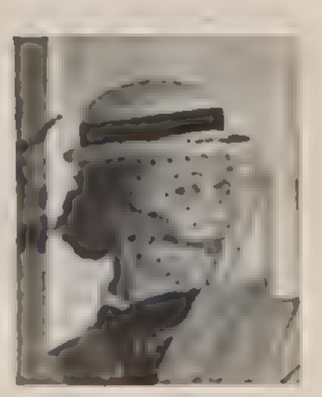
HORST

Added to classic tailleur, a slow flare from the waist, marked by huge saddle pockets. Grey men's wear wool sharkskin. Hattie Carnegie; I. Magnin.

For grey, a burnt offering: hemp straw—side-swept. Hattie Carnegie.

Hat seasoning for the all-season suit

Straight-from-the-shoulder tailoring—almost no lapels; a peeled waist underlined by hip pockets. Black and white herringbone tweed. Adele Simpson design. Henri Bendel; Marshall Field.



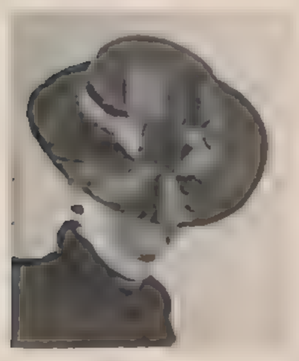
The hat: a little bowl of natural straw; gilt veil. By John-Frederics.

Profile of the same white straw to whet a darkish suit. At John-Frederics.

Waistcoat with its edges smoothed down; *circular* skirt. Grey wool flannel. Adele Simpson design at Altman. Seaman Schepps jewels. The hat: veiled, crownless arc of white straw.

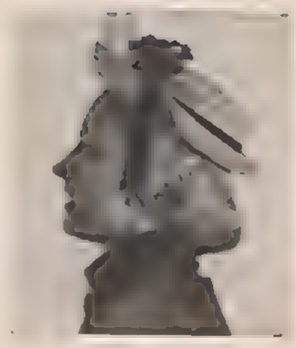
The all-season suit *(cont'd)*

Downward view of the John-Frederics fedora—toast to the navy-blue suit.



Elegance of the apparently tailor-made suit—plus a hipline inclined to flare. Navy-blue woollen twill. A Capri design at Bergdorf Goodman. The hat: toast straw fedora, ribbon-wrapped.

Box-jacket suit, treasure of the tall and thin; black wool, red and white rayon crêpe dots. Ben Reig design by Omar Kiam. Lord and Taylor. The hat: natural straw boater; side streamer.



Side view of the natural boater seen with black suit. John-Frederics.

Another look at the creamy bonnet meant for brown. By John-Frederics.

Classic suit until the waist, where the jacket juts to a peplum. Brown and white Forstmann wool check. Lord and Taylor; Marshall Field. The hat: straw bonnet the colour of thick cream.

Evelyn Waugh . . Tory with laughs

By Robert Gibney

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Robert Gibney is a large young man with large, strong ideas about history, writing, and art. He is a former magazine editor, a painter, a sculptor, and an amateur trumpet-player of great finesse.*]

EVELYN WAUGH is a Roman Catholic and a Tory, easily the most articulate Tory since Samuel Johnson. His new novel, *Brideshead Revisited,* is Catholic in a way that few American Catholics will understand, and conservative in a way that will make Republicans feel like upstarts. *Brideshead* is the Book-of-the-Month Club's January selection; it may be the biggest hot potato in recent publishing history.

Presumably the Book-of-the-Month Club editors were influenced in their choice by the brisk trade carried on during the past year in reprints of Waugh's earlier, less complicated novels, *Decline and Fall, Vile Bodies,* and *A Handful of Dust.* In them his Tory sentiments were somewhat obscurely implied, and many readers may have missed them; in *Brideshead* they are essential and can't be got around. That the Book-of-the-Month Club editors realized this is obvious from the advance publicity with which they have misled their 400,000 subscribers. Editor Christopher Morley, who must have read the book over someone's shoulder in an elevator, finds it "tenderly erotic" and "graciously decadent," which is a good quick description of what it is not. Adultery is involved in a major way and so is decadence, but the adultery is punished and the decadence regretted. That is what this book is about, and what most of Waugh's books are about.

AS savages often hide their sacred objects from profaning eyes, he has tucked away his prayers and penances in sombre corners; readers who miss them in *Brideshead* may think that he is writing not a plea for salvation, but a fancy suicide-note. Even as that, it is good, if slightly ambiguous, reading. Waugh's familiar glitter is here: the fast, funny jokes; the cinematically effortless transitions; the shifting background of eccentrics who never become oppressive as all other fictional eccentrics do; the writing built with the knowledge of centuries of good writing. Leftist book-reviewers will get the largest bite of the hot potato when they feel forced by taste to praise the façade of *Brideshead,* and forced by what they conceive to be their social duty to deplore its reactionary sentiments.

These sentiments have developed in an orderly way ever since Evelyn Waugh left the nursery. He was still in the nursery when he took up with his last progressive cause. Thirty-eight years ago, at the age of four, he became a Militant Suffragist. He exhorted his playmates to break the stranglehold that men had on government; he placarded the neighbourhood with small, demanding homemade posters; he broke up a teaparty of his mother's by insisting that the guests stop munching cakes and get busy on Votes for Women.

All this haranguing went on in a solid Victorian house in West Hampstead, a suburb of London. The contrast between that pleasant open place before the first World War and after, when London had flowed over it like a muddy tide, may be enough to explain Waugh's persistent use of destroyed buildings and invaded countrysides as symbols of the dangers of progress. In almost all his novels, the destruction of fine old houses points up the decadence of their inhabitants.

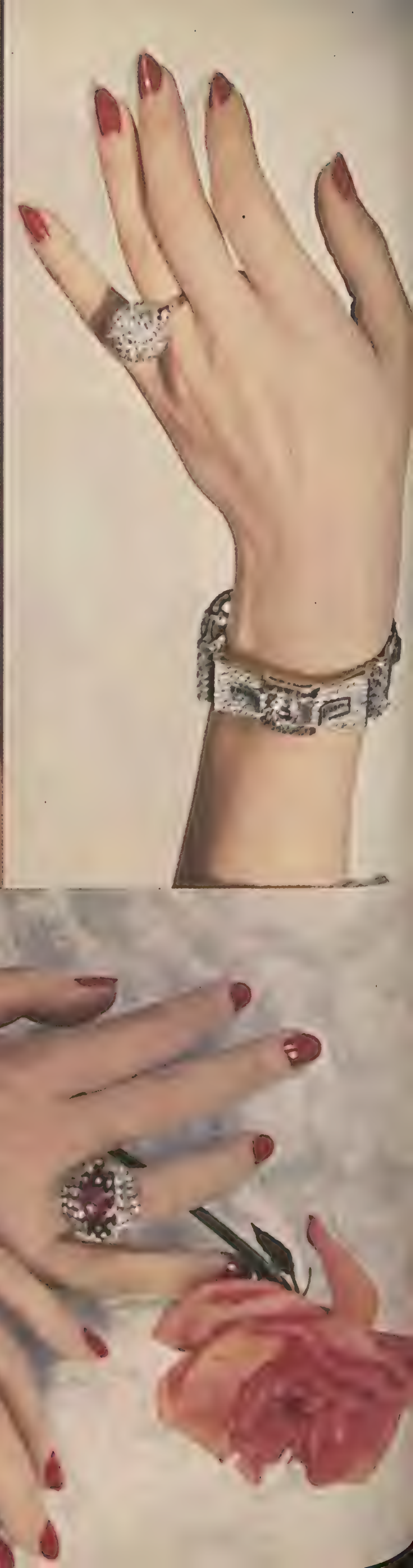
"I HAVE always loved building," Captain Ryder, *Brideshead's* hero, says, "holding it to be not only the highest achievement of man but one in which, at the moment of consummation, things were most clearly taken out of his hands and perfected, without his intention, by other means, and I regarded men as something much less than the buildings they made."

Waugh regrets most, of course, the disappearing great houses of England, but *(Continued on page 124)*

Young Dandy: soft-suit version

Facing page: There's more than one way to go Dandy—we showed you the classic, tailored-suit way in Vogue's January first issue. Now here it is in softer terms. This full-shouldered, rounded suit, plus its jut-collared vest, plus a man's striped cravat. Designed for Carolyn Modes of Shamokin wool, $50. Vest, $10. Arnold Constable; Mandel Brothers; H. P. Wasson. Fez, Sally Victor. "Rich Red" lipstick, Vida Ray.

BALKIN



The match game for hands and faces

At the right: three well-known faces. At the left: their less-known hands. (And, since they are the hands of fashionable women, they prove two new fashions. The wearing of solidly-paved, cluster-stone jewels. The wearing of lighter-brighter nail-enamel.) Can you pair the right face with the right hand? See how correct (or awry) your guesses are—you will find the answers on page 128.

Lady Charles Cavendish

Lady Charles Cavendish, as Adele Astaire, was carried by her famous feet through the gayest musical comedies, a life noteworthy for fun and fame and fortune—and right through the door of a story-book castle in Ireland, as its chatelaine. Her tiny, clickety-clackety feet have set the score for her life. But her hands are as feather-light and precise. Could you tell which is hers?

Miss Ilka Chase

Miss Ilka Chase is best known for her sharp wit—and the wits with which she has used it, to punctuate so many separate careers. Her timing with words, and her orderly mind, have made her a writer, an actress, a lecturer, a radio personality. But her hands are noteworthy too—and worthy of her life. They are as pointed as her gags, as efficient as her calendar. Could you guess which are hers?

Mrs. John Sims Kelly

Mrs. John Sims Kelly, the former Brenda Frazier, is famous for her face. A face that launched a thousand (at least) published photographs. Her creamy beauty, her little-girl look, her *accent circonflexe* brows, have been photographed again and again. Her hands have the same tender prettiness—with exclamation-point nails. Would you know them?

Jewels: left and right, designed by Van Cleef and Arpels; below, designed in Paris for the wearer. Nail-enamels by Revlon: left—"Rosy Future"; right—"Tortoise"; below—"Fatal Apple"

BLUMENFELD

Wonderful dress for now – and then

Above and on the page opposite are two little dark dresses that are all gold...that will make your wardrobe rich beyond your dreams. They both are soft crêpe; know no season, but they do know chic (*now*—under fur; *then* under shade). Basic but complete: entities, come what may. Not the add-a-scarf-a-belt-a-jacket kind of basic-ness. But basic in the fact of their fundamental goodness, of their fine lines and fine fabrics. Each has added an inch or two to its length. Above: Black rayon crêpe afternoon dress with a wingéd skirt. By Nettie Rosenstein. Bonwit Teller: Nan Duskin: I. Magnin.

BLUMENFELD

Above and on the page opposite are two unadorned little dresses that are jewels unto themselves...and *both* would make your wardrobe rich indeed. They are basic, complete, transcend season (season after season) and our editors chose them as among the best dresses in town. You might see them side by side towards late-afternoon, but the one above could have been worn since morning, and the one on the page facing could go on through dinner. Each asks only a personal jewel here or there, to adapt itself to *you*. Above: Navy-blue rayon crêpe, long sleeves, deep armholes, draped pocket. Hattie Carnegie. Also, Jordan Marsh; L. S. Ayres.

Love letter to the arts

By Nancy Flagg

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Nancy Flagg is a tall, red-haired young writer, Boston-born, Smith-educated. She has a fine nostalgia for the twenties, a discerning knowledge of current books, movies, and jazz.*]

I'VE loved you a lot, but not lately. Almost everything's going wrong. You haven't lost your attractions—you still have a great showy set—but they aren't being used to advantage. There'll be some changes made, in the ballet and opera, in writing, painting, sculpture, architecture, the movies, the night clubs, radio or understand me, baby—our future together isn't what it was in the past.

The ballet may take its choice: disband, or abandon all interpretive dancing. When it was taut and abstract, ballet was beautiful and only a little boring; now that it tells stories and throws out psychiatric hints, the clean lines blur and the complex patterns fall apart. In the future, a few agile and disciplined ladies like Markova and Alicia Alonzo may do formal steps, deadpan, scarcely breathing, dressed in candy-coloured tutus. But no more case-histories *sur les points:* people with emotional problems must get off their toes, and down on their knees where they belong.

The opera had better face the fact that it is comic, and play only for the laughs. Companies bent on satire should sing Wagner in the debonair French translations. Companies inclined to farce might take their cues from a "Tannhäuser" that I once saw in Stockholm. The principals—all tall and handsome—had inaudible voices, the chorus seemed to have been gathered from a stranded burlesque troupe; and the whole production, especially the Venusberg sequence, had a rowdy, ornate charm.

The School of Noncommital Narrative must declare a permanent recess: those thin slice-of-life stories, so long served up in *The New Yorker*, now seem pitifully meagre fare. Henry Miller, Kenneth Patchen, and all copyists of James Joyce should be deprived of their pencils. They are too skillful at magnifying the master's faults, and missing his virtues altogether. Book reviewers who mention Freud, Kierkegaard, or Kafka without a very good reason shall be thrown into jail, where they shall improve themselves by reading Johnson's *Lives of the Poets.*

EVERYONE must own the complete works of Henry James, or, failing that, at least *The Ambassadors, The Wings of the Dove,* and the collected *Stories of Writers and Artists.* Everyone must read them aloud for the rich, racy sentence structure. But no one must ever write another impudent apology for James's decision to live abroad. Now when we all are due to be vapourized for our lack of international minds, it seems a bit silly to apologize for a man who knew how to have one. The F. Scott Fitzgerald cult would do well to stop imagining beauties in the fragment of *The Last Tycoon,* and concentrate on *The Great Gatsby* and *Tender Is the Night,* where the beauties are finished and real. Poets concerned with politics or fancy punctuation shall find no publishers. But T. S. Eliot must continue to write the distinguished, selective prose that he likes to pass off as poetry; we've clapped long enough for an encore to *Four Quartets.*

It's high time for the abstract artists to realize that they've got to be perfect, and to pack up their paints if they aren't prepared to be. For my taste, almost any square inch *(Continued on page 120)*

Vogue Designs for Dressmaking

Facing page: This is the spring of the bright, beautiful skirt...basis for endless variations. For instance: make a skirt of a print with extra-curricular interest—this is Wesley Simpson's Museum print overlaid with Greek figures. Design No. 5280. Make at least two tops: a print shirt, No. 5581 and a dolman-sleeved jersey, No. 5591. The calf belt, Mark Cross. Wavy cartwheel, John-Frederics.

Print skirt, first and second edition

KAY BELL

The Pink Coat—worn by Miss Leila Pannell

LITTLE PINK COAT, ADVENTURES OF... It all began when sharp-red and black came into the Pink Coat's life. With these new colour-partners, pink takes on a new character—anti-candy-box, un-hearts-and-flowers—begins to go new places on new people, and finds it interesting and original and a fine new fashion to be pink. (Many a pastel is emerging from the valentine category—and many a bright bold colour looks newest worn when it's with a pale one.)

Pink coat on the beach

Now the Pink Coat is a fledged young fashion, with a calendar as full as young days are long. It goes to the beach; above, with short brown shorts, pink top. It stays at home with slacks, goes to parties with a wide black dancing skirt. Goes to the country, looks pretty with a print, and dashing with young jersey knickers. On the facing page, Miss Leila Pannell wears the Pink Coat to town—with a black skirt, red cap. It's short, shirt-sleeved, of wool jersey. $30, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Newest with pink, a scarlet lipstick: here, Kathleen Mary Quinlan's "Blaze."

Pink coat, grey slacks

Pink coat for evening

Pink coat, golf dress

Pink coat and a print

Pink coat, brief black knickers

Young people are talking about...

Young People Are Talking About... Seeing tweeds and flannels where khaki and gold stripes used to be... The crowd-it-in, watch-the-clock feeling of living on a ten-day leave that stays with new civilians even when Army life is past... The plans they made in the service, and the constant talk of what to do now that they really can do it....

Young People Are Talking About... Steak houses with steaks again, and business booming as much for psychological reasons as for the steaks themselves... "Spellbound" and "The Lost Weekend," new movies in which psychiatry and alcoholism are serious business, not comic props... Service words in civilian life: ersatz, snafu, Roger....

Young People Are Talking About... College week ends with plenty of gas... The consistently singable young songs of Richard Rodgers: "That's For Me," "It Might As Well Be Spring," and everything in the "Carousel" album... Flying lessons again... Meeting long-lost friends, and the ones you saw last night, at LaRue... Mid-day lunch parties at the 53rd Street restaurants: L'Avion, Mario's, Pierre's, Michel's....

Young People Are Talking About... Vacations in Florida, Bermuda, on the western ranches... Driving to Woodstock, Piko Peak, "Bosque's" in Pittsfield, "Johnny See Saw" in Manchester for skiing week ends... The young promise of Beatrice Pearson, in "The Mermaids Singing"... College girls and débutantes modelling, bringing a new young kind of face to the magazines... Everyone working or studying; no one with time or wish for a young life-in-idleness....

Young enough to wear black

1. Sheila Hamm, daughter of Mrs. Justin Haynes, wears 8-year-old's black velveteen. (She has a wardrobe of blouses.)

We think it is a very tired cliché that black is the privilege of only the sophisticated and the grown-up...that it is as bad for little girls as lipstick and pretentious jewellery. (Actually, many mature women who elect black for themselves would find very dark blue more warmly becoming.) We think black—the right kind—is sometimes exactly right for the very young. An eight-year-old in a black velvet pinafore with a white ruffly blouse and white socks couldn't be sweeter. And the fourteen-, fifteen-, sixteen-year-old in her first *black* party dress has the right background for black in her shining hair, her clear young eyes, her peaches-and-dew skin. She is *young* enough for black. On these pages, three pretty daughters wear black—with their mothers' blessings and a special happiness in having achieved a first black dress.

1. SHEILA HAMM wears a pearly-buttoned black velveteen pinafore, $40. L. Brogan.
2. & 3. HELEN TALLEY wears a lace-banded young-party dress (left), of black rayon crêpe; $25. Jane Engel. And a straight, simple wool dress (right), with a laced-up russet leather belt, a coin-pinned scarf wrapped high at the neck. Hi-Dee design. $23. Jay Thorpe; Hutzler.
4. FRANCINE DU PLESSIX wears a long dancing dress with a full panniered overskirt of dotted rayon net over black rayon crêpe. J. L. F. design. $45. Bendel's Young-Timers; Rich's. (For list of shops in other cities, see page 128.) Single strand of Marvella simulated pearls. Short white kid gloves.

2. Helen Talley, 15-year-old daughter of the late Truman Talley and Mrs. Talley, wears short dancing black... with a lace-edged décolleté.

3. Helen Talley, a Brearley sophomore, here wears young black—sweater-type; gives it young accessories, short gloves, a coin-pinned scarf.

4. Francine du Plessix, 15-year-old daughter of Mrs. Alexander Liberman and the late Comte du Plessix, wears black dotted net for dancing parties.

GEORGE PLATT LYNES

BALKIN

Resort news: Juniors in knickerbockers

Knickerbockers for dinner—dark and slim. Wear with white tucked shirt and red bow tie, gilt sandals, gold jewellery. By Emily Wilkens. Everfast cotton. Shirt, $13.50. Knickers, $14. Bonwit Teller; Filene's.

Knickerbockers for the country-side: navy-blue and red striped wool jersey (cool enough to wear through summer). Blue shirt. By Judy 'n Jill. $25. Wear a wide, bright belt. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler.

Right: Plus fours plus—in soft wool jersey knitted in a taupe and white checkerboard. Crew-shirted in off-white wool jersey. A Hi-Dee design. $25. Altman; Jays. • These knickerbockers in sizes 9 to 15.

Coast-watchers of the Pacific

By Mary Jean Kempner

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mary Jean Kempner has recently returned from half a year in the Pacific. Before she went, she knew the broad outlines of this story, one of the war's top secrets; filled in the blanks on the spot.*]

THE story of the coast-watchers was one of the best guarded secrets of the Pacific war. Handpicked volunteers, they underwent some of the most rigorous training ever devised for military purposes; working singly, or in small bands on Japanese-held islands and isolated strips of mainland from the Southwest Pacific to China, they acted as super-spotters, reporting, by clandestine radio, enemy installations, troop movements, shipping, and air activities to the Allied command. Credited to them are thousands of Japanese soldiers killed, vast Japanese tonnage and supplies destroyed. To their credit also are countless Allied fliers shot down in the coast-watchers' area who found refuge with them and eventually were returned to land bases or carriers.

This super-secret weapon against the Japanese plan of conquest dates back to 1942, when the enemy made his triumphant sweep southward to within sight of the great Barrier Reef off the coast of Australia. Among the men who took up arms against the Japanese during that first winter were Australians and New Zealanders whose hatred of the enemy was so strong that they put aside all thought of personal safety. Five of these men lived in New Guinea, trading rubber and copra; they were brothers, burly, blond men, over six feet tall; the youngest was twenty-one, the oldest forty-five, and although it is not their real name we shall call them the Johnson brothers. In the course of their lives in the islands they counted as their closest friend another copra planter called King, who lived in the Solomons. In the years of doing business together these men shared one passionate conviction, their hatred of the Japanese; shared one weapon against him, their knowledge of the neighbouring islands and atolls. King and the Johnsons had sailed into countless uncharted lagoons and harbours, which had become as familiar to them as the main street of Sidney, where they spent their summers. The natives were their friends, the jungle their garden.

The war was only a few months old, in the spring of 1942, when Ralph, the oldest of the brothers, met with King; together they made their war plan. Already they noted feverish Japanese activity in and around the island: air strips were being built, pill boxes installed, harbours improved, and a stream of transports shuttling in and out. This was information vital to the Allies.

Among his overseers King knew a handful of men who could be relied on; it was agreed that these would be stationed at strategic points, Rendova, Munda, Choiseul, Bougainville, Santa Isabel. King would stand watch at New Georgia, while the Johnsons fanned out through the hills of New Guinea. The men were all amateur radio operators—practically the only recreation in the lonely planters' life was the radio—and when they melted into the jungle, fleeing the Jap, they took radio sending and receiving apparatus, in addition to guns, ammunition, and supplies.

IN their appointed hideouts, the men spent their days at their observation posts, tree platforms, deftly concealed in the crowns of the tallest palms. Nights were spent in caves beside the radio, trying to get the accumulated information into Allied hands. It was no small difficulty to attract the first official listener, to convince him of the integrity of the reports; the Allies were wary, suspecting a Japanese trap. But the Japanese had no illusion; they picked up these clandestine reports and took them seriously; repeatedly they sent out platoons of men led by packs of ferocious dogs, but it is practically impossible to find a man in the jungle if the natives are his friends. Japanese men and dogs often failed to return; when they did, it was only to report an unsuccessful mission. Before long, however, Allied air reconnaissance confirmed these reports sent by unknown men via secret radio. Before we launched our Solomon-New Guinea campaign these early coast-watchers were recognized. Navy PBY's with fighter cover brought them food, cigarettes, liquor, ammunition, guns, and more important, brought superior radio equipment, long-range telescopes, and code books.

All this took place in the dark days of the war. At that time Allied naval power was badly crippled; our carriers *Wasp, Lexington,* and *Yorktown* had been sunk; the *Hornet, Saratoga,* and *Enterprise* were damaged. Our naval air force by necessity was land-based. The supply of gasoline was crucially low; fighter pilots were suffering from severe fatigue. The eyes and ears of the tired fighters based on Guadalcanal were the coast-watchers, who radioed the enemy's exact strength after his take-off. The pilots were briefed about twenty minutes before the Japanese were due in radar range; by the time radar contact had been effected, the fighters were in the air with just enough time to gain altitude before the Zeros came in. This meant incalculable saving both in pilot fatigue and precious gasoline.

Meanwhile the five Johnson brothers on New Guinea were operating along the same patterns, and in addition were picking up many downed pilots. One of these pilots told the story of his crash in the bush after a bad scrap with four Zeros. Dazed from shock, loss of blood, and pain, he wandered for days, living on coconuts, trying to follow the principles of his "jungle survival" briefing. At last he met a native to whom he hopelessly mumbled a password given at the Port Moresby briefing. Making no sign of recognition, the native led him to a cave, bound his arm with cool leaves, cracked some coconuts for him and left. After a time two litter bearers appeared, silently placed the flyer on their litter and made off to the jungle. Time and again they were stopped by other natives, sentries who beat a curious, repetitive rhythm on their drums; once the bearers stopped suddenly and even the jungle seemed to hold its breath as a Japanese detail passed close enough to hear the Nips chattering.

EVENTUALLY, they came into what seemed like impenetrable jungle, here the litter was set down; to the pilot's amazement he saw a big blond white man sitting in front of a native house with a long drink in his hand.

"Port Moresby tipped us off, we've been looking for you for a week. My name's Johnson. There's a hot bath inside, and fresh clothes. When you're ready come out for a whiskey. While you're drinking I'll have a look at your arm." Stories like this became the main topic of pilot scuttlebutt. Fighter pilot morale rose a hundred per cent. "If you weren't all shot up and could walk away from the plane," the boys told one another, "those coast-watchers would get you back."

At the request of headquarters a PBY came in to take the youngest of the brothers to Australia; his mission was to give a detailed report of coast-watcher operations. Schools were to be started in Australia and the United States to train men for this hazardous work but it would take time. Coast-watchers were needed at once so it was decided to recruit volunteers in Java, Indo-China, Burma, Borneo, and the Philippines—planters, school teachers, missionaries, bankers, soldiers, bums.

MEANWHILE, men were learning the "trade" in the United States and Australia. Except for a pair of well-known explorers most of them were in their twenties, some had been borrowed from the Army and Navy, others came direct from civilian life. They had all been carefully screened before they were asked the leading question, "Are you interested in volunteering for a hazardous mission that would keep you overseas for a minimum of two years?"

Candidates indicating interest were shipped off to an assessment center, where for a week they lived a life, part E. Phillips Oppenheim, part rat-in-a-maze. Each man was asked to assume a cover story which his fellow students and the observant staff were constantly attempting to break. There were missions at night through heavy woods with "friendly" strangers giving false directions and compasses going berserk. Everything was done to disconcert and unnerve the applicants, to make them mean, jittery and impatient. When they were brutally beaten down by the régime they were offered a drink, urged to take another and another in order to find out how liquor affected them. Only men able to pass all assessment tests went on for actual training as coast-watchers.

The men learned the Polynesian method of navigating without instruments, learned forestry, jujitsu, tropical medicine. Learned to identify wild quinine, how to strip the bark and boil it down to the precious bitter essence of quinine. Learned how to cross a chasm with ropes. How to make flour out of a species of banana. To distill "tubs" from the sap of the coconut tree—not only did this make potable alcoholic liquor but it was useful as engine fuel. They mastered codes, meteorology, radio transmission. They learned ship and plane identification. They learned tricks of professional magic that some day might help to impress uncertain natives, secrets of theatrical make-up and disguise. Their ingenuity and power of observation were sharpened.

So far, the name "coast-watcher" had never been mentioned. From the things they learned the men were reasonably certain which war theatre they were destined for, but part of their indoctrination had taught them to ask no questions. Only *(Continued on page 117)*

People are talking about...

Gertrude Lawrence and Raymond Massey in the beautiful revival of "Pygmalion"

HORST

COFFIN

The great mezzo-soprano, Jennie Tourel

LIDOV

Utrillo, superb Modernist painter, in Paris

CECIL BEATON

André Gide, the great French writer

Alstone, French composer of "Symphony," new American hit song

Shelley Mydans, new newscaster

Carmelita Maracci, extraordinary dancer

PEOPLE Are Talking About... The unclaimed crack: "The world will have peace either with or without people."...The incidental possibilities of atomic energy by which, according to Julian Huxley, the weather could be changed, for instance, by dissolving the Arctic ice-pack, a left-over from the Ice Age.... The growing possibility of anti-labour legislation.... The ebullient, but premature presidential boom for Ex-Governor Harold Stassen, described recently as "Half-Liberal, half-Navy, and half-Republican."... The shockproofs of peace: two pats of butter and headlines again, "Blonde Slain in Love-Nest."... People Are Talking About... Housing, once just a local headache but now a national migraine.... The delicious revival of "Pygmalion," with Gertrude Lawrence and Raymond Massey almost better than they have ever been, partly because they can move about in Shaw's slashing characters.... The re-issue soon of André Gide's novels, starting with *The* *(Continued on page 123)*

"Neither too young nor too old"

Penchant for peplums

Black peplum dresses...the pride of the slim, the friend of the not-so-slim. For now and practically forever (with hat variations). LEFT: Tunic for the very tall—deep, smoothly knife-pleated. Cohama rayon crêpe. Buttoned, belted with yellow snakeskin. About $50. Alternate for the straight-browed taffeta-bow sailor (#2) shown with the tunic dress is the straw bumper (#1) weighted with roses. RIGHT: Peplum hip-line camouflage dress of Hafner rayon faille. About $50. Both dresses, sizes 16 to 10. Altman; The May Co. Alternate for the high veiled straw pillbox (#1) shown with it is an open-crowned Breton (#3). All hats by Madame Pauline.

.. for pretty hats

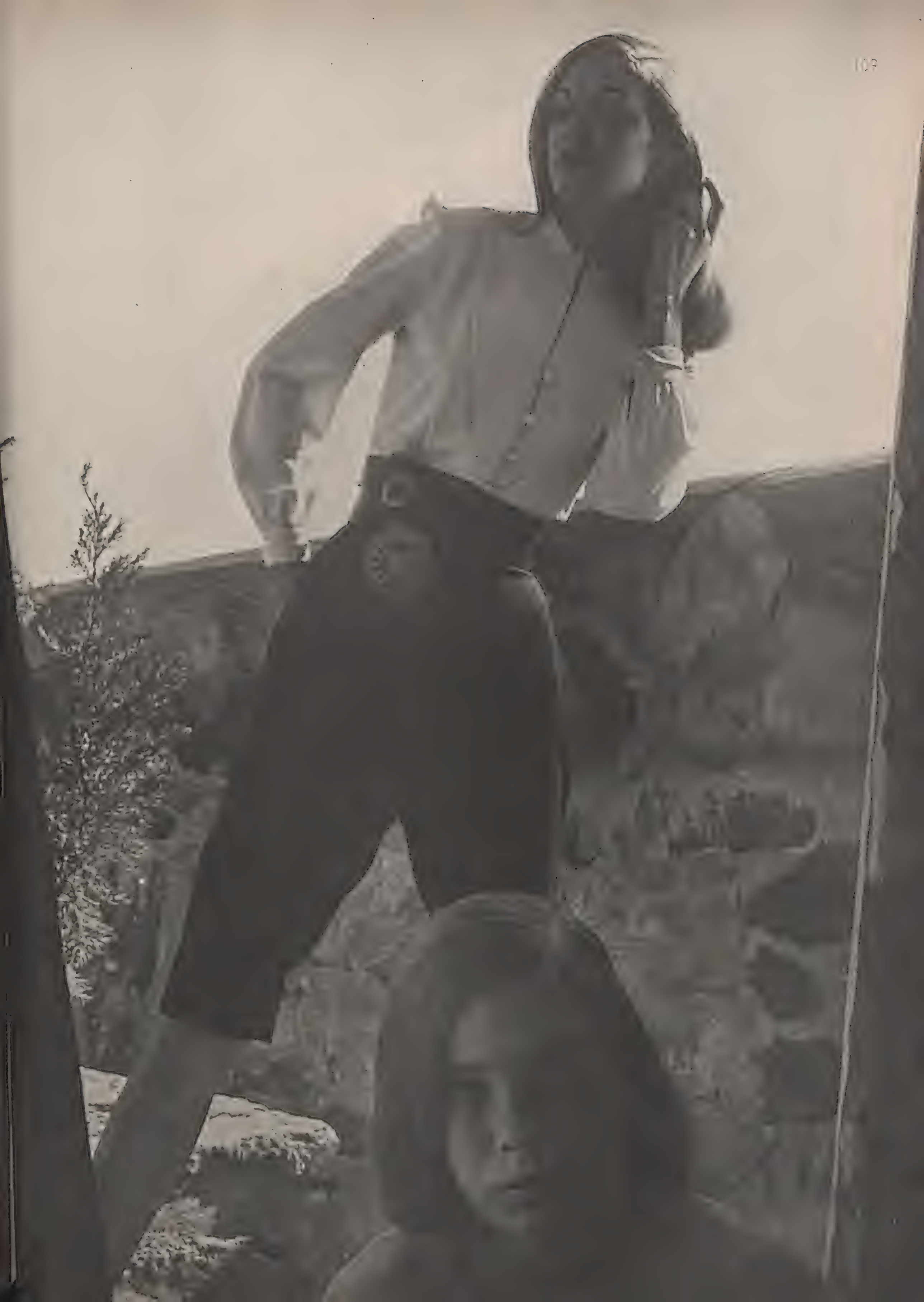
This is the dress for the fortunate slim-hipped few (no matter what their other measurements). Notice the narrowing pulled-to-the-back line of the peplum; the snug cuffs-to-the-elbow; tiny covered buttons. Cohama rayon crêpe. Sizes 16 to 40. About $50. Altman; The May Co. Trio of hats-for-it...varying pitches of prettiness: (#5) Rose-wreathed lime felt peach basket. by Lydia. (#6) Tall side sweep in a little hat with a cascade of blue-green grapes that cluster over one cheek. Blue-green cloud of veil. (#7) *Profil exposé*--an off-the-face felt hat with roses climbing on brim and crown. Hats #6 and #7 by Madame Pauline.

Dinner in the sun

BARE SHOULDERS ARE NICE under a late sun. Wear a brief young dress like this one—cool and pretty and unpretentious—in a clean, clear plaid. Add big gold earrings, next-to-barefoot sandals. Sharp-scalloped dress of Dan River linen-weave rayon, black on yellow. By Carolyn Schnurer. About $20. Best; I. Magnin; Neiman-Marcus.

LONG SHORTS ARE NEW for south or summer dining—when they're high-waisted and fuller than usual. This time you cover your shoulders, wear a long-sleeved blouse; add your best and biggest belt. Shorts, black rayon gabardine. Blouse, white rayon. By France-Sider. $25. Franklin Simon; J. P. Allen; Bonwit Teller, Phila.

BALKIN



Luncheon in the sun

Here are an assorted half dozen ways to be pretty under the sun. In the south now, or when next summer comes these are the dresses you can't do without at Sunday lunch, for conversation-and-collins. And each has an idea in mind: a fresh line, a way with colour, the surprise of a fabric.

1. Bright Aztec-print on a rayon twill jersey dress with a matching serape (to cover your head while driving; tuck in your belt). $23. Stern's; Woodward & Lothrop.

2. Dress with many charms—ruffled bertha around a wide décolleté. Rayon-and-wool challis, a circle skirt. William Bass design, $40. Altman; Harzfeld's.

3. Long-sleeved black and pink gingham, ruffled throat and wrists, shoe-string belt. Carlwynn design, $13; matching bloomers, $4; Saks Fifth; Miller & Rhoads.

4. White belted in russet, the look of linen in a two-piece spun rayon dress. B. H. Wragge design, $25. Pigskin belt, $15. Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop.

5. Winter colours in summer cottons—beige, red, navy in an Everfast cotton dress shirred on top; taut-waisted in grosgrain. By Joset Walker. $25. Lord & Taylor.

Opposite: the door opens on a dress that you may see (and gladly) "everywhere" from now on. Because people will love its raw-spun silkiness, its clear bright green, its simple, fine-for-the-figure cut. $10. Bergdorf Goodman; Carson Pirie Scott; Frost Bros.

1. Aztec-print serape

2. Challis in the sun

3. Long sleeves at noon

4. Russet on white

5. Winter-colour cotton

Hand tailoring done here

A series of quick, flippy waves of the hand to shake out tension, relax wrists

Back-bend for each finger; arch it, stretch it, make each finger flexible

Wring the hands, smoothing from fingertips, hard over knuckles and palms

Forearm up, relax your hand, lift it slowly, snap fingers upright, stretch

Start open-handed, bring fingers down one at a time to meet the lower finger

As one grows older, hands show their age because the plump, paddy mounds of underlying fat-tissues tend to disappear, leaving unupholstered a variety of tendons, cords, and veins. But at any age, one's hands may be stiff, awkward, tracked with lines.

The special exercises that we show here can build up the underlying muscles of your hands so that they will appear smoother and they'll do a limbering-up job that will make your hands move easily, gracefully.

Quick-trick for a lily-look: hold your hands aloft for twenty counts.

Analyze the texture of the skin on your hands as you would your complexion. Your hands take about the same weather-beating as your face but they seldom get the same care.

There are creams with a pearly lustre that give your hands a nice finishing touch, lotions to smooth and protect, and rich, emollient hand creams for an overnight Full Treatment (plus massage, cotton gloves).

Once you've made your hands pretty, give them a touch of discipline. Tame them out of wild flutterings, train them into free-handed, open-handed gestures, letting the fingers follow naturally the curve of your wrist and the back of your hand.... And when your hands have nothing to do, let them be quiet and still—this is the hardest "gesture" of all. For pretty hands reposing, see page 90.

when you grow up, dear...

your loveliness will be not only a gift of nature, but the fulfillment of your beauty habits practiced over the years through the faithful use of preparations by

Charles of the Ritz

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STERLING
ROYAL WINDSOR
OLD MIRROR
CRAFTSMAN

COAST-WATCHERS OF THE PACIFIC

(Continued from page 103)

when they were aboard ship, headed for Pearl Harbor, were the men told the exact nature of their mission. They listened to lectures on the main tenets of being a good coast-watcher...the kind that survives. The dangers ahead were flatly stated, the Japanese had issued warning that all coast-watchers would be skinned. Their method was scientific, the victim was tied upright, his arms over his head, two slits were made, one at the top of his spine, the other in his chest. Hooks were then inserted through the skin and weighted so that force of gravity pulled the flaps of skin to the ground. A man could survive several days of this treatment.

At Pearl Harbor men and equipment were transferred to the submarine which would take them to their final destination. Then one night the submarine's engines cut off; its long whale-like hulk had surfaced in some hidden lagoon. The rubber boats were inflated, the men said farewell to their shipmates. On shore they hoped to rendezvous with some friendly planter, trader, or missionary, a man familiar with local conditions, who could show them where to install their precious equipment. If no such welcoming hand was extended, they would have to move more cautiously, "casing the joint" themselves. Once settled, they would send their first message and in the War Room in Australia another pin was stuck in the map of the secret network.

Although life varied according to geographical location, there were two things about coast-watchers' lives which inevitably were the same—long hours and loneliness. By necessity coast-watchers must be at their post before dawn, remaining there till dark. Each man had his job, and camp life was routine. Only when a flyer was picked up, when guerrillas were contacted, or when the supplies came in, was there a change in the pace of loneliness.

As the days passed, early fears and uncertainties turned into deep-rooted apprehension. The men slept soundly but rarely for more than an hour at a time. The smell of danger was always with them. The enemy was everywhere, seeking them out, desperately trying to detect the wave lengths of their reports, trying to capture the men. No call to battle-stations warned the coast-watcher of the enemy's approach. It is impossible to gauge what seventh sense warned the coast-watchers when danger was imminent, when frequencies must be changed, or the station moved. These moves were usually made at night, and chances were that the next morning the men would watch a Jap Betty bumble in, fly over the old location, circle round, then disgruntled and still hungry, fly away. The coast-watchers would look down again grinning at each other, breathing more easily for a few days at least.

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BACK ON THE PEDESTAL

(Continued from page 78)

if he has any nice vegetables today, "why I have a list of twenty-five of them, all just waiting for me to call."

But to my ears the essence of pleasure was missing from his voice, and I thought, although I kept silent, that all the men I knew only really enjoyed themselves when their list was narrowed to one and that one quite likely not to be at home.

What then should we women do to set the treadmill running once more in the proper direction? First of all we should sit back in our chairs, close our eyes, and imagine the men returning in a great wave. We should visualize the troop ships, loaded to the gunwales, the transport planes heavily laden, the separation centres teeming with soldiers whose one ambition is the company of American women. Some precious ingredient will be lacking if these women can not retrieve a proper sense of their own importance.

By a dozen actions a day we must remind ourselves that the scales have been righted. An old English lady once said to me as I sat beside her on a spring evening: "My dear, I have never been beautiful but I have never forgotten that doors were made to be opened for me." So now, we should stop making the decisions, stop being aggressively punctual, stop driving the car like Eisenhower's WAC, develop a sudden inability to balance our checkbook, say what do *you* think, stop making lists of things and carrying them about with us.

Fashions are here to help women re-remember their sex. Hats are sheer nonsense and necklines hark back to the Restoration—a period in which women were notably appreciated. Anyone who has ever tried to make an entrance in a short evening dress knows just what the new full-skirted gowns can do for her. When a woman trails her garments, all her ancestresses come to her assistance. But clothes aren't enough. We should all go out and buy several objects which we don't need but which we can't do without. Silver powder for our eyelids, a new shade of lipstick that makes us jump when we look in the mirror, an absolutely unnecessary négligée. Memorize once more the age-old formula for a woman: a utensil whose potentialities for good hard wear are artfully disguised in a smoke screen of frivolity.

For now if ever it would be a pity for the ladies to tangle precedent. There is something abroad in the world—a sense of immediacy. With the papers screaming "Judgment Day," that world which is woman-created has become ineffably precious—the long silence by the fire, the sweet sleep with the curtains blowing, the bright colours of the flower beds. If ever women should come into their own, it is in an age when just to be alive gives one a sense of grace granted.

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THE BADGE OF MINK ARISTOCRACY

LOVE LETTER TO THE ARTS

(Continued from page 94)

of a Poussin landscape-with-figures comes closer to absolute balance than any complete Mondrian. The Fantastists and Surrealists should be very slick and sly, and exhibit their works where I won't see them. Sculptors should admire Henry Moore and Brancusi, but imitate Maillol, who moved in a roomier tradition.... The architects must throw away their fraud word "functional," and say "bare and bony" if that's what they mean. The highest function of a house is to please the people who live in it; for me, the most functional house in the world would be a dim gilt Baroque palace with Tiepolo paintings on the ceiling, not that new extremity, a glass prank with a helicopter on the roof.

All feature movies made in Hollywood must star Fred Astaire, Groucho Marx, W. C. Fields, or Jimmy Durante. Unless God is willing to take a rib and make him a worthy partner, Astaire should dance alone, without much rhythm, but with grace—grace in the sense that Saints have it.

When Groucho Marx finishes his new film, "A Night in Casablanca," I wish he'd fire Harpo from his family. Chico can stay. But the great thing is Groucho, because he is so bright, so much the Legal Eagle that he preposterously claims to be. In every movie, he must loll in a canoe with a ukulele, walk with a fine brisk case of the bends, and listen while the extras sing "Hoorah for Captain Spaulding, the African Explorer." S. J. Perelman must spend his time inventing lines for Groucho like "*Somewhere My Love Lies Sleeping*, with a male chorus," and his comment on bad luck in Venice: "It shouldn't happen to a Doge."

Looming up beside the Bar in the New Old Lompock House, with his grand empty speeches, his inspired fumbling, W. C. Fields must make a lot of movies like "The Bank Dick" and "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man." Jimmy Durante must reprise the best songs in the language, songs already old enough to vote: "Did You Ever Have the Feeling that You Wanted to Go When Still You Had the Feeling that You Wanted to Stay?" and "I Can Do Without Broadway, But Can Broadway Do Without Me?"

Because they have beauty and seem to feel responsible for it, Ingrid Bergman, Joan Fontaine, and Hedy Lamarr shall be the only young women allowed in Hollywood. I like Lamarr best because one of her movies gave a friend of mine a chance to say, "I am in love with Hedy Lamarr, and if I am any judge of a woman's glances she is in love with me."

Hollywood must go back to making Grade B movies that cost no more than ten dollars apiece. Mad doctors are good, voodoo drums better. It often used to happen that the second feature was better *(Continued on page 122)*

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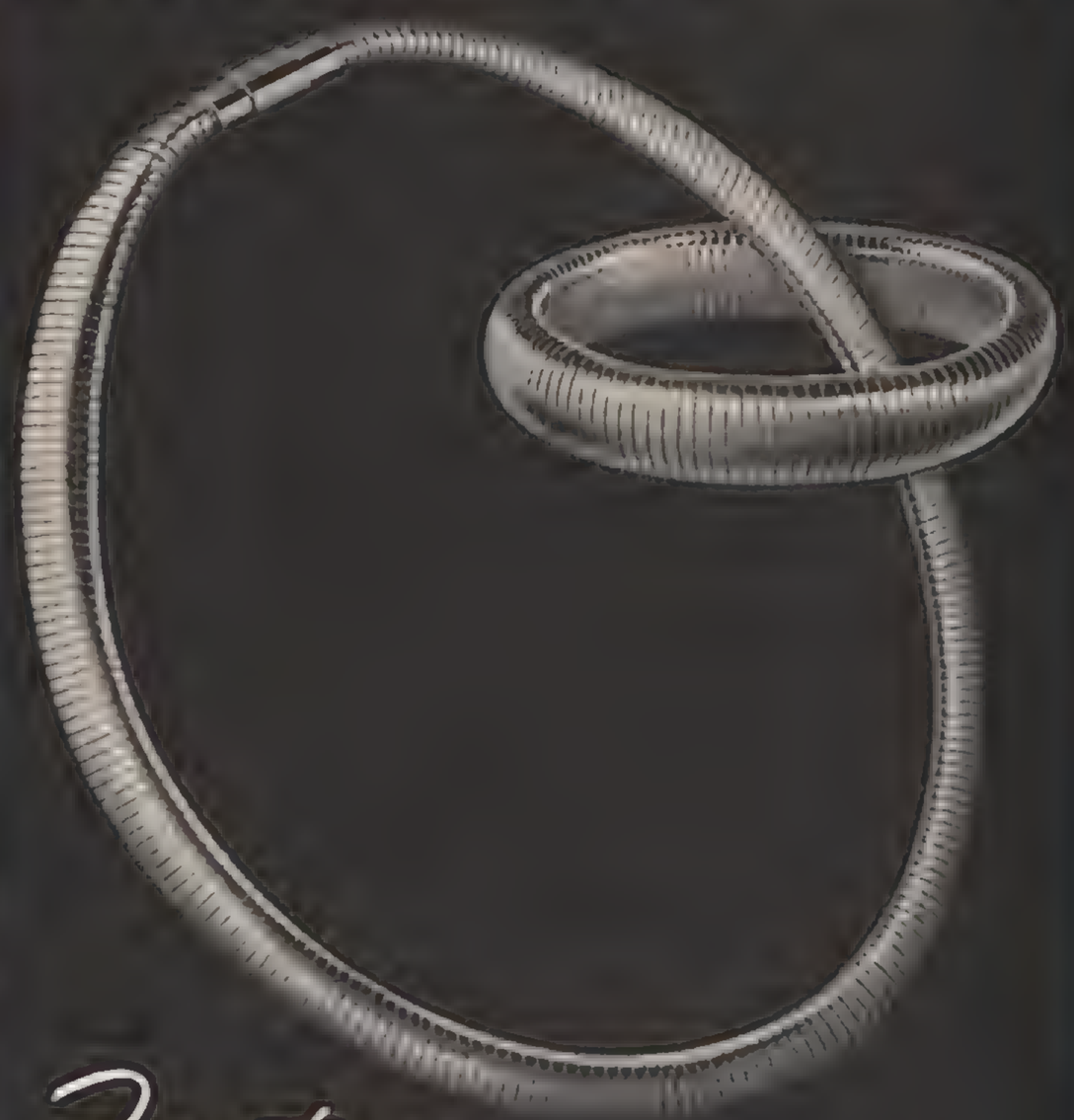

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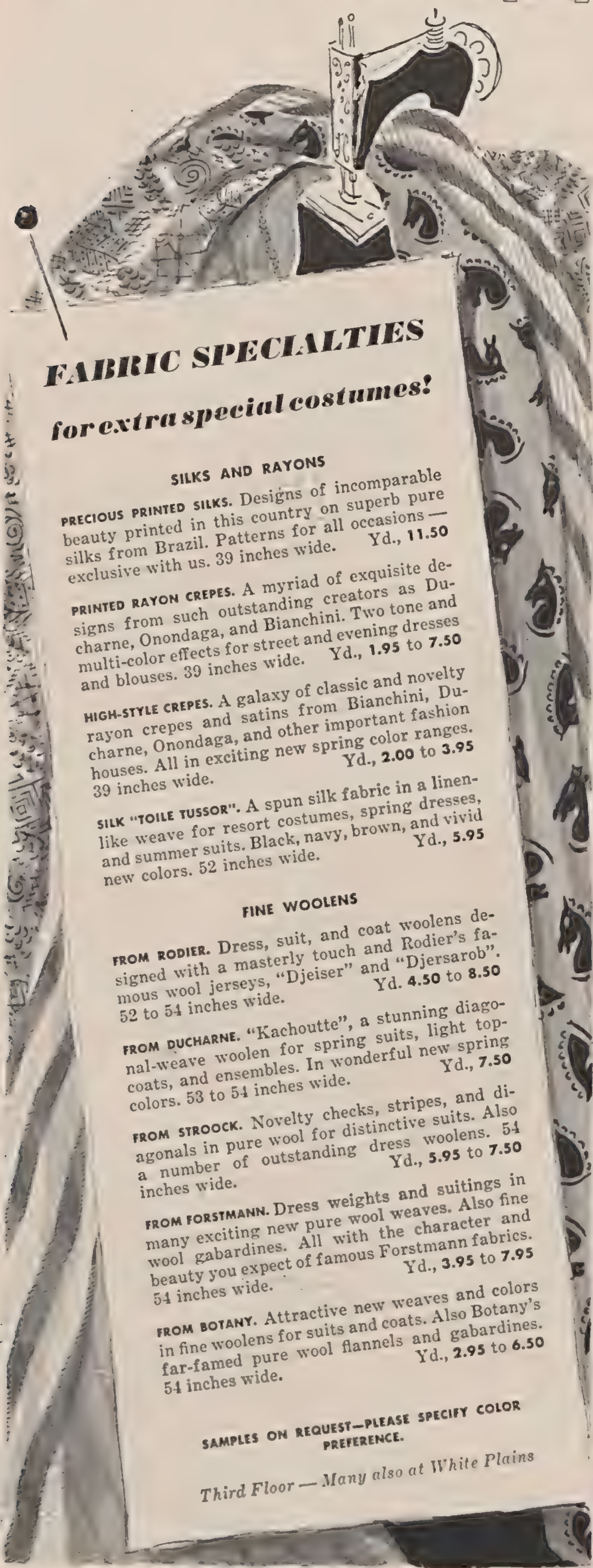

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LOVE LETTER TO THE ARTS

(Continued from page 120)

than the film you went to see—perhaps because the second film set itself a single goal, excitement, and took the most direct line to it. But lately many of the second features have gone stumbling off on arty detours.

In the night clubs, the prime improvement would be some presentable people at the next table. Then there must be no barefoot dancers, no ballad singers, no performers with social significance. The floor show must feature Jimmy Savo, singing "I Put a Nickel in the Slot But All I Ever Got Was Five Salty Peanuts," with his small, fainting voice, his sure taste.... Imogene Coca may appear, if she will stop talking dirty and return to the dry spite that marked her in "New Faces".... If there is any woman who can sing the way Bessie Smith did in the '20's—loud and lovely and easy, full of experience and hope—she shall take over for the rest of the night. But I don't know who she is. She's certainly not Billie Holiday, who ought to go off into crying fits for being so bogus.

To raise the standards of the band, it might be well to raise the dead, and some time during the evening play a few records by the late Bix Beiderbecke—"Ostrich Walk," "Wa-Da-Da," or his rip up the centre of "Sweet Sue." Beiderbecke attracted a dismal group of mourners, but he remains a hero in spite of them. A sample of his helpless perfection should sober up the most self-confident band.

Among the living musicians, I'd settle gladly for Bunk Johnson's New Orleans group. When they are good, they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are better than anyone else around. I'll also welcome the Negro trombonist Wilbur de Paris, the beige clarinetist Barny Bigard, and other old jazz men of high accomplishments who lately have kept low company.

Within reach of every radio, there should be three broadcasting stations. All day long, one would announce the time, the weather reports, and the news without commentary. One would play Bach, Mozart, assorted chamber music, no post-Debussy flam. One would play reasonable jazz—Jimmy Noone, Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, Johnny Dodds, Jelly-Roll Morton, Jimmy McPartland, Kid Ory, Red Allen, the Chocolate Dandies, Andy Kirk. At intervals, there should be rhumba music by the Lecuona Cuban boys, who play with great energy, and sing stilted, idiom-book Spanish.

Well, there it is, dear, and it's all for your own good. Must close now as there goes the chain reaction.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

(Continued from page 105)

Counterfeiters; Gide lives in isolation in his Paris penthouse, translating Goethe's *Faust*, ignoring all distractions of doorbells and telephones while serenely reading Plutarch.... Jennie Tourel, one of the great sopranos of the day, who looks like a charming pigeon or a Harem beauty, and who sings with astonishing flexibility, both emotionally and intellectually; her mezzo-soprano is separately famous in French moderns, Italian *bel-canto*, and the rich Hebrew of Bernstein's "Jeremiah."... "The Diary of a Chambermaid," a quick, racy scrawl of a movie in which Paulette Goddard looks more ravishing than ever.... The extraordinarily good show of religious paintings at Durand-Ruel, all for the benefit of Grosvenor Neighborhood House....

People Are Talking About... The new hit song, "Symphony," brought back from France by the G.I.s, who first heard it on the Riviera: the composer and lyricists, hiding out from the Gestapo in 1943, sold it for twenty dollars before they joined up with the Maquis; now all the stars are singing it in Paris and Marlene Dietrich has made a record of it.... The beautifully painted gouaches by Jacob Lawrence, who has retold with power the story of John Brown.... The new passion for the twenties, especially the new play with music, "Billion Dollar Baby," in which Mitzi Green and Joan McCracken play babes of the speakeasy days.... Maurice Utrillo, whose paintings were recently shown in Paris, where his work is so incredibly expensive that dealers can not afford to bring them over here: canvases which might have sold for $500 are now $3000 and hard to get....

People Are Talking About... Carmelita Maracci, the young, brilliant dancer, whose range from satiric to classic has been the critics' delight but until this year not the public's; Uruguayan-born but San-Francisco-educated, she takes no discipline but her own, is a wonderfully fresh force.... Carol Bruce singing "Just My Bill" in the enchanting revival of "Show Boat." ...Shelley Mydans and her new fifteen-minute radio news program on the National network, "Time for Women"; Mrs. Mydans, who saw Europe and the East since 1939, is young, effective, and full of opinions, based on her battle-information.... The Noguchi sculpture in pink marble at the Museum of Modern Art and the Zadkine "Phoenix," free and exuberant, at the new Hugo Gallery.... The sudden shine of Betty Field in "Dream Girl," a diagnostic and delightful comedy that fluoroscopes the day-dreams of American girls: Wendell Corey, a new tough-guy leading man in "Dream Girl," with no mannerisms and a secure hold on his technique.... The troubles of convalescing from war, and the world's invalid distaste for the slow process of healing....

EVELYN WAUGH

(Continued from page 88)

in *Work Suspended*, an unfinished novel privately printed two years ago, he also laments the passing of the sort of upper middle-class house that he himself grew up in. The narrator of *Work Suspended* writes a memoir of his father, who lived with great dignity in a stucco suburban villa. His house is still standing, still dignified, when the modern apartments that have mushroomed up around it have degenerated into slums.

Waugh's own father was Managing Director of Chapman and Hall, the London publishers. In his autobiography, *One Man's Road*, he wrote with jovial confidence about his firstborn, Alec, who is now of course a jovial confident writer himself (*The Baliols, Hot Countries*). But he seems not to have known what to make of Evelyn, whose early alternations between devoutness and savage satire were more than the simple ironies of Victorianism could cope with. When Evelyn left Lancing, his public school, and went up to Oxford, on the senior history scholarship, he was, according to his father, "an extremely grown-up and sophisticated type of school boy. He bore upon his brow the air of one who...would lose no time in putting down the mighty from their seat."

Evelyn did lose some time—several years in fact. The alcoholic amenities and embarrassing conversations of Oxford in the early 'Twenties have probably been remembered accurately enough in *Brideshead Revisited*. Like F. Scott Fitzgerald (between whom and Waugh there are other points of resemblance) he belonged to a special unpublicized lost generation, all the sad young men who entered the idling universities after the war and found the classes above them sparsely filled with grave veterans with whom they had nothing in common. This break in tradition, in Waugh's case, led to premature experiments in high life: he gained a lifelong enthusiasm for wines and cigars, and lost his scholarship. Under a small cloud, he took a job as master in a very undistinguished school in Wales, and lasted there just long enough to pick up the locale of *Decline and Fall*, his first novel and still one of his funniest.

Late in the 'Twenties, he published his first book, a scholarly and soberly written critical biography of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. This was a labour of qualified love, but *Decline and Fall* turned out to be lucrative. On the money it brought him he married, took a house in the country and settled down to the business of living as he wanted to. His wife, apparently, preferred the city and she left him a year after their marriage. Waugh took a protracted cruise of the Mediterranean and the Near East, and brought back *A Bachelor Abroad*, the first, the least argumentative, and the best of his five excellent travel books—all, alas, now out of print. *(Continued on page 125)*

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EVELYN WAUGH

(Continued from page 124)

In 1930, Waugh wrote *Vile Bodies*, and was received into the Roman Catholic Church. A year later he went to Ethiopia as a reporter, to cover the coronation of Haile Selassie; he distinguished himself by an obstinate, unprofessional respect for observable fact. He wrote his second travel book, *They Were Still Dancing*, about this trip, and, with the background material he collected, his third novel, *Black Mischief*, in which the hero eats the heroine at a cannibal banquet.

His next excursion—attended with great discomfort and some danger—was up the mountains of British Guiana to the headwaters of the Essequibo where they meet the Rio Branco in Brazil. This trip offered little material to the satirist, but he wrote a straight travel book about it, *Ninety-Two Days*, and the next year used the region as the superb setting for the end of *A Handful of Dust*.

Waugh's position had been Tory all along, and Catholic for five years, when he began to attract the unfavourable attention of the anti-fascist group that flocked to Marxism for comfort during the bleak middle Thirties. He first fell from Popular-Front grace when he went back to Ethiopia in the summer of 1935 to report the Italian war for the London *Daily Mail*, and refused to see Haile Selassie as a hero. The Ethiopians, he felt, were barbarian slave-holders, imperialists themselves, of proven craftiness in international manœuvre. He was not defending Mussolini when he pointed out these facts. And when he went to Mexico in 1939 and wrote a book about the dangerous, undirected experiments going on there, the radicals finally realized that his Conservatism was not an annoying private joke; it was an organized and formidable opposition.

Today, as much as anyone can in lean Socialist England, Waugh is living the life of a Trollope country squire. He is married to Laura, youngest daughter of the late Honourable Aubrey Herbert; they have four children, and live in a Seventeenth Century house in Gloucestershire.

Waugh's record in the recent war was marked by impatience, insubordination and personal courage. He served at Dakar, Bardia, and in the evacuation of Crete as an intelligence officer in the Royal Marines. Back in England, he transferred to the Commandos, and broke a leg in his first parachute jump. Later, in the fashionable Blues, he was made A.D.C. to a Brigadier who, within a few weeks, requested that he be replaced. Of his failure to please the Brigadier, Captain Waugh said simply, "You can't expect a man of forty to break the habits of a lifetime." His legs broke more readily than his habits: he managed a second fracture in 1944, parachute-jumping in Yugoslavia.

But these falls from planes and from favour *(Continued on page 127)*

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STUART DAVIS

(Continued from page 81)

ing to look for fancier diggings. In the first place, it's been only since 1943, when the Downtown Gallery gave him a one-man show that opened to the publicity-grabbing accompaniment of a boogie-woogie band, that Davis has enjoyed the luxury of being reasonably sure of the rent money, although his paintings have been bought by knowledgable collectors for twenty years. Secondly, he has only a few pictures to sell to fulfill the new demand—it took him a year to paint "For Internal Use Only, 1945"; and besides, it suits him where he is. His rooms, one flight up and near Fourteenth Street, are in the clangorous hub of the clamorous city—stimulatingly right for Davis, who believes "the life of the city dominates modern living and penetrates the culture of the epoch."

Davis' workroom is starkly practical. When the canvas he's presently working on is turned to the wall—as it is when a visitor is admitted—there's not a single thing of "beauty" to be seen. A worn sofa, some tables for packs of cigarettes, a carpenter's tool chest for paints, and a shabby arm chair in the corner by the window, where Davis spends most of his work time sitting, thinking about the picture, the whole bathed in a hard, bright artificial light—this is the artist's "studio"; that is, if the visitor has got to place artists always in studios.

Davis himself, now 51, short, compact, direct, is not immediately impressive. His voice and delivery are like Fred Allen's, except that he doesn't laugh with his laughs. If the way he makes his points happens to amuse his visitor, he smiles too. He doesn't wait or watch for his effects. He permits himself no flourishes of personality, nor does he deny himself such flourishes. He's unaware of such devices. With Davis it is possible to believe that his work expresses him completely: he doesn't have to pad, to fill in the gaps of his work with conscious personal charm.

And so pretty soon there is beauty in his workroom: the beauty of clarity of purpose, still pristine integrity, of simple honesty. (He painted his signature for the cover of the Museum's catalogue 300 times before its composition satisfied him.) His show at the Museum gave him pause, not for celebration—because he's long felt his work merited such a show—but for self-examination. To him his show revealed in one sweep the history and direction of his life. It reviewed in one swift panorama the turns he'd taken following his own path. It showed him the logic of where he'd had to go ten years ago, by what road, in order to reach his destination today on his way toward his development tomorrow. Looking back, he sees that he could only have painted the Paris pictures in 1928 and 1929. They were what he was about then, just as "For Internal Use Only, 1945" *(Continued on page 127)*

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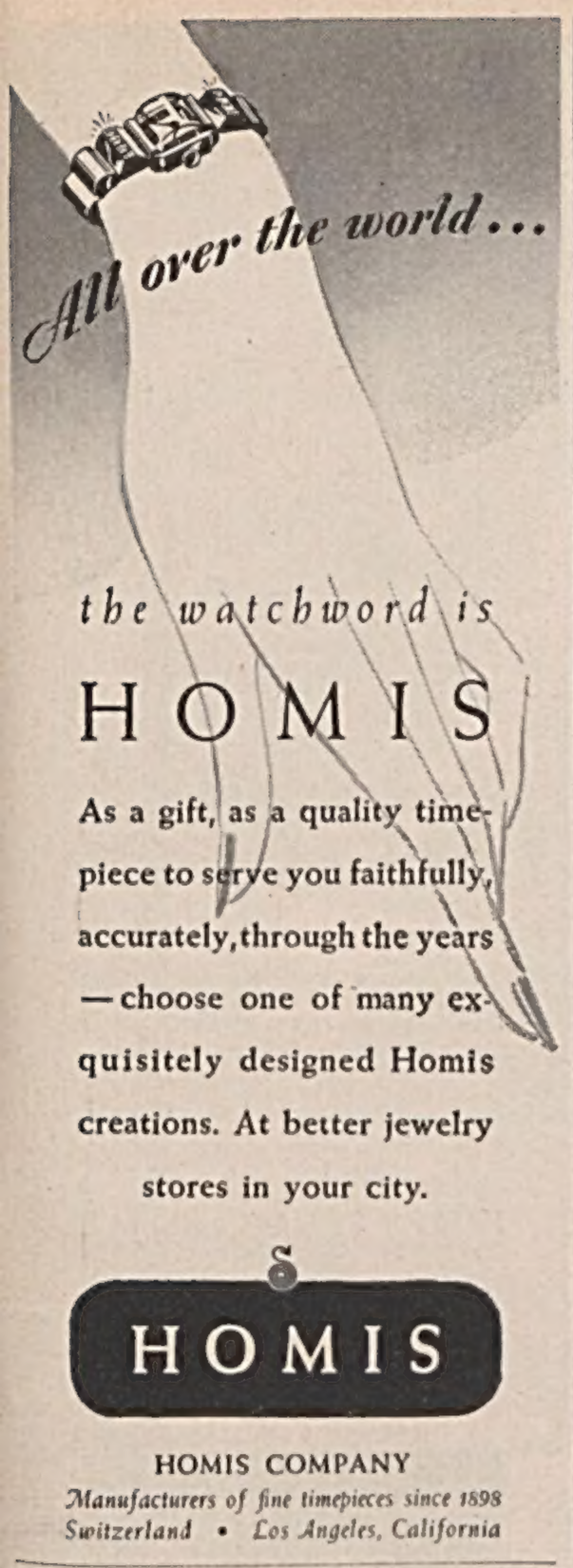
9334	.35
9627	.40



STUART DAVIS

(Continued from page 126)

is what he's about now. His goal then as now was the same; but he sees it more clearly now, he sees how to reach it more clearly now. Discussing the way people respond to his painting, he recalls Seurat having said, "People say they find poetry in my work, but to me it's a question of my method."

It wasn't hard for Davis to decide to be an artist—his mother and father were artists—but it was pretty tough for Davis to remain the kind of artist he is. Robert Henri, his teacher, talked magnificently about art, but never about money or success. Davis was brought up on freedom of expression and the integrity of the individual, "Rather a bad education for today," he says. In 1933 when he enrolled in the Federal Arts Project it was necessary to swear a pauper's oath to qualify, but Davis had no trouble making it. The metal waste-basket in his workroom with the statement "property of Stuart Davis" painted on it is not a sentimental memento of those days. It is still important that when he puts it out in the hall to be emptied at night, it be returned to him in the morning.

For Davis is an American painter who paints his own experience, and in America there is no lasting assurance that a painter's experience—even so rich an experience so rollickingly expressed as Davis's—will provide the means of satisfying a painter's landlord.

EVELYN WAUGH

(Continued from page 125)

cannot alone explain the disillusion with the war that opens the new book, *Brideshead*. The despondent mood of the prologue and of the epilogue can best be understood in contrast to the rather circumspectly elated ending of *Put Out More Flags*, the novel that Waugh wrote in 1942. England, since the blitz, had been united and functioning smoothly under Winston Churchill. There was talk of the Churchillian Revolution, of the Churchillian Renaissance, of the "new spirit" that was abroad in the land. New heroes and new leaders were emerging from the upper class, and for a while Waugh seemed a likely official spokesman for the new spirit.

But the new spirit didn't last. Waugh wrote *Brideshead Revisited* a year before the Socialist victory in England, but his cause was already lost, perhaps had been lost a hundred years before. The book ends with no politics—only with a small lamp burning in a Roman Catholic chapel.

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JUNIOR FASHIONS

The dress shown on page 99 can be found in many shops throughout the country. Listed below are some of the stores which carry them.

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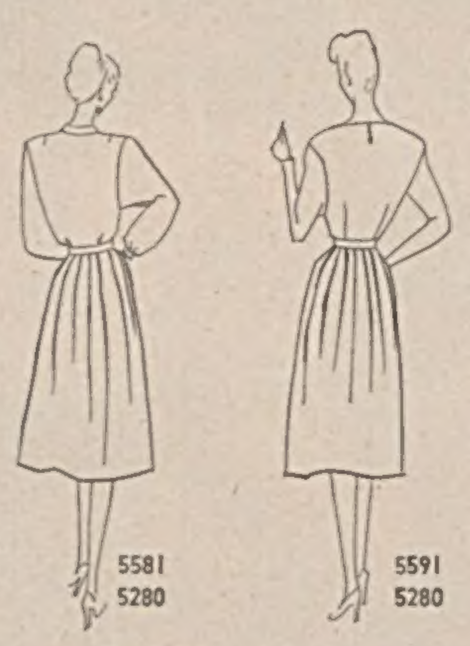
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Columbus, Ohio	Montaldo's
Dallas, Tex.	Neiman-Marcus Co.
Denver, Colo.	Montaldo's
Detroit, Mich.	Himelhoch Bros. & Co.
Greensboro, N. C.	Montaldo's
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Wm. H. Block Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Blum Store
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Co.
Richmond, Va.	Montaldo's
Wilmington, Del.	Bird-Speakman, Inc.
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Montaldo's

THE MATCH GAME OF HANDS AND FACES

HERE are the answers to the puzzle of whose hands belong to whom, page 90. Did you guess them correctly? Upper left: Mrs. John Sims Kelly's hands. Upper right: Miss Ilka Chase's hands. Below: Lady Charles Cavendish's hands.

DESIGNS FOR DRESSMAKING



SOME further views of the designs shown on page 95. The skirt in both sketches is Vogue Design No. 5280, sizes 24 to 32. The tailored blouse, design 5581, sizes 12 to 20. Blouse design 5591, sizes 12 to 20.

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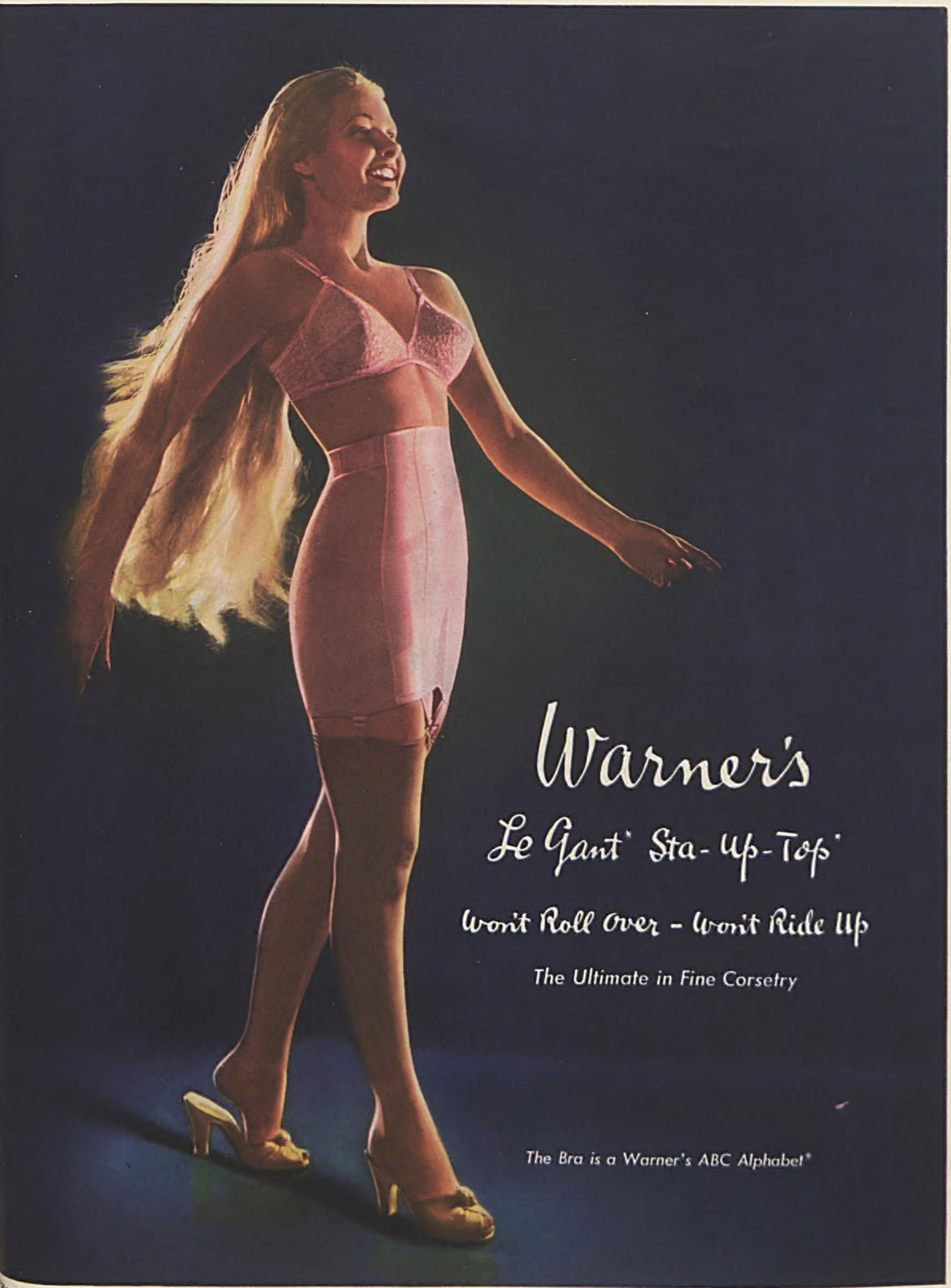

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